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CURRENT COMMENT.

THE remark of a newspaper-correspondent that the work of the Democratic Convention was being guided by a well-balanced mind, reminded this paper of Artemus Ward's old partner in the show-business, whose name was Billson:

'Billson,' says I, 'You hain't got a well-balanced mind.' 'Yes, I have, old hoss-fly,' he says (he was a low cuss), 'Yes, I have. I've got a mind that balances in any direction the public rekwiress, and that's what I calls a well-balanced mind.'

Artemus adds:

The mis'erable man played 'Hamlet' once in a theatre where there wasn't any orkestry, and wishin' to perish to slow music, he died playin' onto a claironette himself, interspersed with hart-rendin' groans.

There is something about this, too, that somehow makes one think of the Democratic Convention, though perhaps one could not say just why.

It would not be in the nature of things for either of our chief political parties to concern itself with vital issues, such, for instance, as the transportation situation or the question of intervention in Mexico, for the simple reason that on such issues there could be no division of opinion between them. Both parties represent privilege, and privilege is of one mind about any question which involves economic injustice. This unanimity makes it clear why economic problems can not be made political issues, and explains the strenuous attention which politicians are paying to the League of Nations, which for other than campaign purposes is deadlier than a door-nail, and to liquor. On these two questions political spell-binders may safely spread themselves. They are familiar and interesting to everyone, and their importance is purely superficial; therefore they are good, safe talking-points. Questions more vexed and more dangerous are hastily and hazily dealt with in party-platforms, carefully avoided during the campaign, and after the election they are settled in the way that the interests of privilege indicate. This is nothing new, and nothing perhaps to get greatly worked up about. It is the regular procedure of political organization and possibly, after it has been kept up a little longer, the electorate will discover that it has a purpose.

At last the American press has become aware of a bit of domestic news that the English press knew and talked

about two months ago. Our excellent neighbour the New York *Evening Post* lets out the highly interesting fact that the United States Treasury holds \$58,000,000 worth of Polish bonds, of six years maturity at five per cent, which it took in payment for war supplies. Silesian coal and forest-lands are the collateral; or in the *Post's* suggestive phrase, they are "some sort of collateral." In all, the *Post's* dispatch says, the United States will eventually hold over \$100,000,000 of bonds issued by the little new countries that were once a part of the Russian Empire—Esthonia, Livonia and the Ukraine. The service rendered by the *Evening Post* in publishing this revealing dispatch is inestimable.

To show what all this means, the concluding paragraph of the *Post's* dispatch must be quoted entire:

The heavy pre-war investments which the French made in Russian imperial bonds have, since the termination of the World War, been a factor in determining the relations between the Republic of Soviet Russia and the French Republic. In the future the debts owed to the United States by countries carved out of Imperial Russia may be a factor in determining peace or war for America. While no army officer has or admits full information as to the Soviet resources, and therefore satisfactory conclusions cannot be formed, there are many who expect that Gen. Pilsudski will in time come to the end of his resources, and unless army supplies are shipped from America in quantity, the Polish Republic will pass.

Is not that a nice, sweet-scented transaction for our precious crew of office-holders to foist off on us in utter dark? They simply gambled a hundred million dollars of our money on the success of the most notorious, swash-buckling, pistol-toting, fresh young gang of imperialist cut-throats in the whole of Europe, and we were kept in blind ignorance of it, up to now. Now we shall have to send good money after bad to bolster up Pilsudski's myrmidons, or else swallow the loss, or else send our armies over there to levy on the collateral, and keep them there to stand off the Soviet armies who will dispute possession as long as they live. That is the size of it.

THE *Post's* dispatch goes on to say:

The navy has also been selling to the Polish republic and taking bonds in payment therefor, but it is difficult to get the Navy Department officials to talk on the subject.

You bet it is difficult. Anyone who could get the Navy Department to talk on that subject could get a categorical answer out of the Sybil of Panzoust. Again:

There is a pronounced reticence as to this subject in the War Department. Secretary Baker was interviewed on the matter. While he was cautious in his statements he indicated that he was satisfied with the deals made by the Liquidation Commission.

"Pronounced reticence" is good. But do not blame the President, Mr. Daniels or Mr. Baker. "Needs must as the devil drives." All this means merely that political government stands together the world over, and that there is nothing it will not do in furtherance of its nefarious purposes. Any other Administration would have done quite the same as Mr. Wilson's.

THE chair reserved for the German representative at Spa seems likely to be overwoven with cobwebs before a responsible representative can be sent to fill it, unless some

means can be devised to form a Cabinet which will last overnight. The hardy Mr. Fehrenbach perseveres in his efforts to juggle the parties into some sort of workable coalition, but although everyone holds his breath and walks on tiptoe, the combinations come tumbling down at the slightest provocation. The trouble is that Mr. Fehrenbach has nothing cohesive to work with. Every party is at outs with every other, and none of them is strong enough to run the Government alone; therefore it seems unlikely that anything short of a new election can produce a Cabinet which could weather even a moderate squall. Meanwhile, the Allies continue anxiously to wait and pray and postpone the Spa Conference.

BROTHER A. G. Gardiner spoke right out in meeting last week, calling for the dissolution of the Supreme Council. In the London *Daily News*, he said:

It has become a menace to the world. It consists practically of Premiers Lloyd George and Millerand, with two soldiers, Sir Henry Wilson and Marshal Foch, as advisors. It represents no public opinion. It is not controlled by any parliament. It works absolutely in secret. Its decisions are based on considerations that can not be examined, and when discovered, as in the case of Mesopotamia, are found to be of the most equivocal character. There has never been so inept, so ignorant, so all-powerful despotism in the history of the Continent. It has made a wreck of Europe, and its activities have effected a fatal breach between America and Europe. So long as this secret tyranny prevails the League of Nations will be sandbagged and smothered, for the whole purpose of the despots is to prevent any rival authority raising its head to challenge their power. Europe is under the heel of the most dangerous absolutism on record. That heel must be kicked away before Europe can rise.

THREE cheers for Brother Gardiner! He has the facts all with him and he marshals them with force and cogency. As far as he goes, he is, as we say, all there. But he goes a very little way. If he would only go further, and show who is behind the Supreme Council, and say what he thinks should be done with them, it would be more to the point. Behind the Supreme Council stands the same fine old crew of veterans who brought on the war. This paper mentioned a few of them by name in its issue of three weeks ago; the old nickel-syndicate, the armament ring, the oil ring, the Moroccan Committee—in short, the only Simon-pure internationalists on earth. The Supreme Council "represents no public opinion," truly, but it represents the highly practical and experienced opinion of such interests as Schneider, the Compagnie des Forges, Krupps, the Metallurgische Gesellschaft, the Banque Française pour le Commerce et Industrie, Dixon, Ltd., and the Nationalbank für Deutschland. Brother Gardiner knows at least as much about these gentry as we do; why then should he pick on the Supreme Council?

Now that Belgium has given its approval to the British negotiations with M. Krassin, and favoured the resumption of economic relations with Russia, our virtuous holders of high-paying Belgian bonds may find themselves confronted with a ticklish problem in morals. Suppose Belgium should find trading with Russia so profitable that she would be ready to redeem her bond issue recently floated here at the end of a year, thus netting investors a return of twenty-five per cent on their money: how could our good anti-Bolshevik bond-holders reconcile themselves to the idea of accepting such ill-gotten gains in repayment of their loan? Would not such acceptance amount to an indirect sanction of economic relations with the heretical Bolsheviks? It is an old saying that one might as well eat with the Devil as to drink his broth, and by the same token we might as well deal with the Bolsheviks as profit indirectly by their commerce. It is a problem calculated to give our investors a bad half-hour's struggle between principle and profits, but who can doubt that principle will win, and that the slogan of the investors' union, reminiscent of a former watchword against the powers of darkness, will be, "they shall not pay"?

MUCH profane pleasure may be derived from Gregory Krassin's statement that his Government can not properly assume the liabilities of the Tsar's defunct establishment unless it inherits the assets also. If the members of the Supreme Council have not yet examined the under side of the Russian debt, this Bolshevik declaration gives them an excellent excuse for doing so. Let them turn the bonds over, and they will find all kinds of odd things sticking to the bottom. They will discover, for instance, that old Russian rights in Persia, together with the wartime cession of Constantinople to the Tsar, are calculated to play the very dickens with the Allied plans for the morselment and exploitation of the Near East. And they will perhaps realize that as things are going now, the Bolsheviks and their Turkish Nationalist friends seem more inclined to seize the Tsarist assets than to assume the Tsarist liabilities. The more these troublesome Easterners get by force, the less chance the Council will have to persuade the Soviet Government to turn imperial paper into gold.

It seems to us that the American holders of British bonds might profitably get together and see whether they could not bring some effective pressure to bear to avert civil war in Ireland. If such a war broke out, it would lead to an abominable state of things in this country, and put us on the straight road to war with England. Who wants to see a recrudescence of the spirit of unreasoning hatred, with England for its object, as Germany was its object a year or so ago? Anyone who has lived through that recent experience has had enough to last him a life-time. If actual civil war broke out in Ireland, we should see British consulates mobbed, ships privately chartered and loaded with supplies for Ireland, to be stopped by the British fleet, perhaps fired on and sunk—then diplomatic representations accompanied by all the loathsome procedure of journalism—and we would be embroiled with a people who have no vestige of a quarrel with us, or we with them. If the British Government's creditors began to talk earnestly, as we think, for everybody's sake, they should do, Mr. Lloyd George and his associates might listen to reason.

JUST who, anyhow, is at the back of the British Government's Irish policy, and what do they hope to get out of it? Mr. Churchill and Sir Edward Carson are the two names that occur most readily, but is the British Government such a last-ditch Government that it will stick blindly to Carson and Churchill until death do them part? Can Mr. Lloyd George's battle-cry be "Carson unto death"? It seems most absurd. Of course it may be that these two gentlemen are like Mr. Balfour who "never reads the papers." If they are, then does no one occasionally tell them the news? The Irish elections have shown that the island is predominantly Sinn Féin; in Ulster itself there is a perfectly good working agreement between labour and Sinn Féin; the London *Daily Chronicle* dispatches show clearly enough that there is disaffection in the British army and that the soldiers are reluctant at the job; and a general officer actually lets himself get kidnapped while wandering about fishing, or something like that; and to round off the week, the Trades-Union Congress at Scarborough pronounces for Irish self-determination. How much evidence does it take to show Messrs. Carson and Churchill and the British Government that they are barking up the wrong tree?

THE International Federation of Trades-Unions seems to be able to give the Allied Governments cards and spades in the effective use of the economic blockade. The Allied blockade of Hungary succeeded only after many months in overthrowing the Bela Kun Government; whereas the blockade of that country by the Federation, which began 20 June, has already upset two Cabinets and brought the Government to the pass where it is forced to negotiate with representatives of the Federation. One Cabinet fell at the mere threat of a blockade, while another went out during the past week; and it is now reported that the

Hungarian Minister at Vienna has been instructed—it is not clear by whom—to negotiate with the Federation for the removal of the blockade. When an ambassador of a political Government is instructed to deal with representatives of a labour-federation for such a purpose, it can mean but one thing; that political government acknowledges its dependence on, and subordination to, the power of economic organization. If not that, then just what does it mean?

UNDER this schismatic and recusant dictatorship of the proletariat the business of imperialistic warfare is growing more and more difficult. General Strike is coming to be recognized as the greatest general of them all. Labour seems mischievously bent upon making politicians look foolish (not a very difficult task anyway) and rendering their pretentious undertakings as ineffectual as child's play. In northern Italy, the railwaymen are still refusing to move the trains that carry carbineers or military supplies for the Albanian campaign, while in Ireland the strikers are so persistent in their determination not to aid in the movement of munitions, that the exasperated Mr. Lloyd George has threatened to close down the railways altogether or to run them with soldiers; two things he probably will not do, for fear of worse to follow. To add to the Premier's embarrassment, the Sinn Feiners have declared a boycott of the Irish Constabulary, an armed body maintained at Irish expense to enforce British law and order upon Ireland. This is an ingenious adaptation of old methods to new uses; for it is all one in practice, whether you blockade the ports of a foreign country or withhold supplies from an alien force within your own.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is again making his pungent comment on world affairs, and with all his old force and effect. We are beginning, he says, to see that if labour can not govern the world, the world can not be governed at all; a stern fact which is gradually entering the consciousness of every community. All other classes have tried and failed; and, nowadays, as Mr. Shaw points out without undue severity, "the middle classes are making fools of themselves in a shocking manner." He urges them, therefore, to make common cause with labour.

WITHIN the space of a few days that fell toward the end of June, the list of casualties in American race-troubles was extended by the addition of several new names. In Rincon, Georgia, a Negro who had confessed to the murder of a girl, presumably a white girl, was chained up for burning, and then shot to death when he attempted to escape. In Chicago, a parade of Negroes reached its climax in a general affray which resulted in the death of two white men and the injury of a number of other people of both races. One does not need exceptional knowledge or erudition in order to understand that these two affairs belong to altogether different phases of the race-problem. The lynching-party had all the features familiar in such cases; crime against a woman, refusal to abide the slow movement of justice, manifold torture by the mob, official indifference and no arrests. On the other hand, certain phases of the Chicago contest were quite novel; for the affair was the result of a demonstration by a society which is urging that Negroes, Irishmen and Jews should unite with workingmen's organizations in a third party that is somehow to operate for the abolition of "Jim Crow laws" and the liberation of Egypt, India and Ireland. Strangely enough, another object of the "Abyssinian" leaders of this Negro organization is the promotion of a black exodus to Africa. In sum, the Georgia lynching exhibited a phase of the oppression of the black race by the white; while the trouble in Chicago suggested the possibility of a counter race-movement of black men against white. At present many Negroes regard the agitators who come among them as highly disreputable, and the influence of these firebrands is probably not yet large. Yet it is hard to see how this country can escape the development of a Negro national-

ist movement if we do not soon rid ourselves of abuses which supply racial persecution as the stimulus for racial revolt.

THE world is now getting the practical demonstration of a "mandate," and can divert itself, if it likes, by trying to make out the difference between a "mandate" and the good old-fashioned exploiting "protectorate" or "sphere of influence." An island named Nauru, formerly owned by Germany, lies in the Pacific. The mandate for its administration naturally went to Great Britain, because the island is chock-full of phosphate. Before the war, the Pacific Phosphate Company had acquired rights from a German company, and a bill was up in the British Parliament the other day to purchase these rights for the sum of three and a half million pounds sterling. The bill precipitated a great rumpus in the House; Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Asquith and others charging violations of both the letter and spirit of the League covenant. But the bill went through in short order, notwithstanding, and by nearly a three-fourths majority. The League of Nations, as originally projected, was simply a device for the exploitation of weaker peoples without the risk and cost of war; and every incident like this which throws light upon its motive is worth notice.

How true it is that the world knows little of its greatest men. Take Senator Harding for example. He has been a United States Senator since 6 December, 1915, and only now as he steps into the fierce light that beats upon an heir apparent are we permitted to look upon the full glory of the short and simple annals of his public career. This golden record shows that in these five long and fateful years our next President has helped things along by introducing no fewer than 139 bills to the attention of his fellow statesmen. All but nine of these were of a private nature, delightful little remembered acts of kindness and of love, such as increasing the pension of one Mary Smith, and erecting a monument to William S. Rosecrans, and appointing Charles D. Moots to the permanent medical corps of the navy.

BUT it is perhaps in Senator Harding's nine bills of a public character that his inevitability as the Republican nominee is most plainly to be seen. One feels that the nation would never have wandered so far astray at the primaries had it but known something of the Senator's genius as a law-maker. Thus, only a few weeks after his entry into the Senate Mr. Wilson's successor came forward with a bill "to take such steps as are compatible with Federal authority to encourage the teaching of the Spanish language in the United States." After that the Senator rested from his labours throughout the 65th Congress, but like a giant refreshed he was up and doing in the 66th Congress with no fewer than five public measures to his credit, of which, perhaps, the most important was a bill calling for an investigation of influenza and allied diseases. Another significant item in the Senator's legislative record is his keen interest in the naming of steamships. On no fewer than five occasions has he introduced legislation for the purpose of changing the names of ships. It is a matter for profound congratulation that this nation with its rapidly growing mercantile and battle fleets will have in the White House during the next four years a man who is so well equipped to see that each and every ship is well and truly named.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

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TOPICS OF THE DAY.

THOUGHTS ON A THIRD PARTY: II.

Now that Mr. Amos Pinchot has shown cause for a third party and has courteously permitted us to take issue with him, it occurs to us that he might fairly ask what, if anything, we can propose as an alternative. Specifically, if as we think, the Committee of Forty-eight, the Labour Party, the Non-partisan League, and similar bodies politically disaffected, are pretty much wasting their energy in forming themselves into political organization, what would we have them do with that energy?

Mr. Pinchot thinks that the matters he canvasses must ultimately pass into "the political stage." So do we. He desires, as soon as possible and in the surest way, to get "political action" upon them. So do we. He thinks that this quickest and surest way may be by political organization. We do not. Here is our point of essential disagreement with Mr. Pinchot. He thinks that political action may be most surely and satisfactorily brought about through the agency of a political organization; hence he is out to form one and to educate and strengthen it and add to its numbers until it becomes the dominant political power. We make this as a general inference from Mr. Pinchot's articles, not from any specific statement in them, and we hope we do not misrepresent him. We, on the other hand, believe that political action is best brought about through the agency of economic organization; and we are for every possible effort to consolidate, strengthen and educate economic organization towards that end.

Let us see whether we can make this proposal seem reasonable by comparison with Mr. Pinchot's. Suppose Mr. Pinchot's plans worked out favourably this autumn, and his presidential nominee were elected on the St. Louis platform pure and undefiled: he would still not have made even a start towards "political action," for what can a President do without a Congress? Suppose the right kind of Congress were then elected, what can a Congress do without a Supreme Court? Members of this august tribunal seldom resign and never die; so it would take a long time for a President and Senate elected on the St. Louis platform to appoint and confirm a new majority of justices. Meanwhile, the public might become tired of waiting, impatient of unfulfilled promises, and the chances are fair that the new party might be captured or turned out.

Demands of the economic organization, however, must be met at once and with no waiting, by whatever political organization may be in office at the time, be it reactionary, liberal, radical or what not. Within the week there have been two remarkable pieces of news; and we recommend them to Mr. Pinchot's earnest consideration. One of them was a brief dispatch in an evening paper, stating that a second Hungarian cabinet had fallen by reason of the blockade declared against Hungary by the international trades-unions. The other was an editorial item in a London weekly, saying that the function of expressing the popular will had already passed from the British parliamentary or political organization to the economic organization; that, for example, the dockers, in refusing to load munitions for Poland, had compelled Mr. Lloyd George to do a characteristic about-face and declare that he had really been of their way of thinking all along.

These two items give a pretty good notion of what

we mean. Friends of this paper, hearing us call ourselves radical, have been a little puzzled because we not only do not want a revolution in this country but are against any idea of a revolution, and think it is a standing disgrace to the intelligence of any country to have one. They are puzzled because we are so indifferent to politics and advocate no constitutional changes nor want any, and that we challenge no political institution with anything more serious than good-humoured banter, and are not fretting around among our readers trying to get this, that or the other constitutional change made. We are perfectly satisfied to have any number of conventions and elections held, if we can once in a while have our little joke about them, and we will even forego that bit of pleasantry if too many people misinterpret it for unkindness. We are satisfied with any set of office-holders that succeeds in catching on, if we can sometimes air our opinion that office-holders are rather a poor lot—and we by no means insist on even that. If Brother Harding be elected, we are all for him; we shall pause in front of the White House next summer, hoping that some strains of his practice on the key-bugle, or whatever it is he plays, may float out to us through the open windows. If a deserving Democrat be elected, we shall do as much for him—and so forth and so on.

Our reason for this attitude, which may appear servile or trivial, according to the taste and fancy of the observer, is this: that when the economic organization wants anything enough to insist on having it, nothing else really matters. In an editorial some weeks ago we have already adverted to the passage of the Adamson bill. The railwaymen wanted the eight-hour day, and wanted it enough to insist on having it. They got it promptly from the existing Administration, and would have gotten it just as promptly from any other. They now seem to want the Plumb plan, and have the support of the miners in this desire. We do not think much of the Plumb plan except by way of its educative value; but if the railwaymen really want it, want it as they wanted the Adamson bill, they will get it and get it on demand. It is clear to this paper, in short, that actual power lies in the economic organization and that whatever power the political organization has, is purely factitious and exists on sufferance. Hence, the political organization comes finally to nothing but a set of dummies and may be regarded accordingly. No President, Congress or Supreme Court will ever be found in the way of any demand of the economic organization, provided such demand has the backing of serious purpose such as was behind the Adamson bill.

The thing is, then, in our judgment—without stirring up revolutions, which usually mean the mere exchange of one form of tyranny for another and hence do little good and great harm; without arraying oneself against the existing political or institutional order—the thing is to get the economic organization to want the right things, the fundamental things, and to be in earnest about getting them. Mr. Pinchot may say that this will be a long job. Well, but his too is a long job, and when it is done, ten to one it will have to be done over again; while when ours is done, it is done to stay done.

Really, also, it is not as long a job as one might think. It is a commonplace that the economic organization can not be gotten past the stock questions of trades-unionism—wages, hours and conditions of labour. But in Europe, it is already well past those. The English dockers invaded the most sacred and secret department of politics—foreign affairs. The

Government connived at the Polish raid on Russia, and the dockers said, My noble lords and gentlemen, if you want munitions shipped for that purpose, do it yourselves. The great Trades-union Congress, which just met at Scarborough and laid down the law to Mr. Lloyd George on the subject of Ireland and Poland, ventured very far outside the line of trades-unionism. The English miners, in pressing for nationalization, are far and away beyond the purview of trades-unionism. Indeed, the A. F. of L., driving the Plumb plan over the dead body of Mr. Gompers, is far and away beyond it. We think that the economic organization has not nearly as far to go as some imagine, in order to realize its own power and how to make the most intelligent and effective use of it.

Our specific suggestions, then, would be that the Committee of Forty-eight should first take its own St. Louis programme and study it carefully enough to understand its fundamental relation to every other issue in our public affairs, domestic and foreign. This suggestion, we are aware, may be unwelcome. The Socratic "know thyself" is as unpopular a doctrine now as it was in Socrates's time, and especially among a people like ours, whose natural turn is for action rather than for thought. Then, disregarding politics, let the Committee put its resources and energy into co-operating with the various enterprises within the economic organization which chiefly tend in the direction of its programme. For instance, the coal miners are interested in nationalization; let the Committee send out literature and speakers and organize meetings to help stimulate and educate that interest, and show how much better that interest is served by the St. Louis programme than it could be by any other. The railwaymen are for the Plumb plan; let the Committee show them the relation of its programme to all the desirable features of the Plumb plan. The railwaymen are also embarking heavily in co-operative enterprises—which again, by the way, is far out of the line of trades-unionism. Let the Committee stimulate these and show the bearing of its programme upon them; they are the most truly radical enterprises, and the least noticed, in the United States. Above all, let the Committee show to labour at large, the bearing of its St. Louis programme upon the labour-surplus; here is a good two years steady work for the Committee, on this one item alone. American labour knows, at last, what a labour-surplus means to its solidarity, but does not yet know the simplest way to make impossible the artificial creation of a labour-surplus; and the Committee, if it really understands its own programme, can furnish this highly valuable information.

Meanwhile, let the existing political organization take its own course. It is keenly aware of the power of the economic organization; and whenever it becomes convinced that the intelligence and will of the economic organization is really functioning behind that power, it will yield without any serious trial of strength. Thus the disestablishment of privilege, which Mr. Pinchot and ourselves alike desire, will take place by orderly steps, without violence, without confusion of thought, and without the retarding compromise and damaging retrocessions that, as far as we can see, are inevitable under the method proposed by Mr. Pinchot.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

At Hythe and at Boulogne the Premiers considered two important questions, to each of which two answers have been vouchsafed to us. A satisfactory

agreement in regard to the German indemnity has, and has not, been reached. The Greeks were, and were not, given a free hand in Asia Minor. At any rate, this is what the newspaper correspondents have told us, and we have no choice but to believe them. The final effects of such reports as these in regard to the Greek adventure is to cover the tracks of the diplomats and generals; obviously, if each of them can manage to record his vote on both sides of such a question, each will be able six months from now to "point with pride" to press-reports which will prove that in the dim past which is to-day the present, he did the right thing.

Such canniness is comprehensible when one considers the character of the enterprise upon which the Greeks have just embarked. It now appears that at San Remo, Marshal Foch told the Supreme Council that it would take 300,000 men to put the Turkish treaty into operation. In the face of this situation, M. Millerand was inclined to favour a compromise with the Nationalists. But Mr. Lloyd George was all for holding out, and now that Mustapha Kemal has begun to drive in the Tommies who were stationed beyond the Marmora, the British Premier has accepted Venizelos's offer of assistance, and has received Millerand's adherence to his plan by promising that France shall not be asked to furnish men or money for the new war. Such, at any rate, is one story of the affair.

According to a cabled summary of an article in the London *Times*, neither Marshal Foch nor Marshal Wilson has "any delusions respecting the difficulty and cost of a campaign against the Turks"; and the *Times* believes that at Hythe the Marshals refused flatly to accept the responsibility for the Greek offensive. Another dispatch says that the supreme commanders are doubtful of the ability of the Greeks to handle the situation *alone*; but the news of the eastward movement of British transports and battleships proves that the offensive in the Levant will not be altogether without Western support. If we read on for a day or two, we find Mr. Lloyd George saying to the correspondent for the New York *Tribune*, "M. Millerand and I had very little to do with the discussion of the Turkish problem. Marshall Foch and Sir Henry Wilson suggested certain military measures which they thought ought to be taken in Turkey, and we simply agreed to them." In the same dispatch the same correspondent says that, according to Premier Millerand the decisions of the conference did not amount to giving the Greeks a free hand in Asia Minor; "That is not the question," the Premier explained to the reporter. "Greece proposed certain military measures to which we agreed." The situation is further clarified by a London report to the effect that before a large-scale military offensive against the Nationalists is attempted, the Allies will make concessions which will enable the Government at Constantinople to negotiate with Mustapha Kemal; to which is appended a Washington dispatch announcing that no concessions of consequence will be made.

Messrs. Lloyd George, Millerand and Venizelos, Marshal Foch and Marshal Wilson—as a result of complete confusion consciously arrived at, these gentlemen and everybody else domiciled between Constantinople and County Cork have been provided with a first rate alibi. And on 21 June, while the people who wanted the war were still busily engaged in protecting their reputations against the possibility of a disastrous outcome, the men who fight the war were already throwing their unprotected bodies upon each other's bayonets.

The reports which deal with the matter of reparations are quite as confusing as those concerning the Greek war. Of considerable importance in this connexion is a recent dispatch from the *New York Times* correspondent at Hythe, a dispatch which is declared to summarize "with special knowledge" the opinions of Mr. Lloyd George. Published in advance of the Boulogne conference, this piece of publicity constitutes nothing less than a threat that unless France joins England in her efforts to rehabilitate Germany and reopen trade with Russia, "no power of statesmanship . . . can bind the British people to what they would regard as a hopeless cause." Here, says the correspondent, we have the real question: "Are France and England now agreed upon a real settlement with Germany and the beginnings of a settlement with Russia that will bring these two nations soon into the common councils of Europe? If not, England will move toward America, and the Continent will stew in its own juice."

As far as we can make out, the Continent is stewing right merrily; but it would be hard to prove that England herself can escape the stew-pot. After the preliminary *tête-à-tête* at Hythe, M. Millerand was so good as to inform one of the newspaper-men that France and Great Britain were in complete accord as far as reparations were concerned. And on the following day another journalist was able to announce that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Millerand had come to a "sudden agreement" upon the amount of Germany's debt; a figure which is to be kept secret until Germany lays her cards on the table at Spa. But even if the Germans succeed in forming a Government before the date fixed for the opening of the conference at Spa, and if the representatives of this government go to the conference with the intention of underwriting a final reparations-agreement, they will doubtless discover that the Allies are as far as ever from unity in this matter. When the curtain went down at Boulogne, the Allied experts went to Paris to settle the details of the reparations-plan; and two days later a correspondent in that city cabled the information that the sudden growth in Italy's appetite for funds might necessitate a reopening of the whole question of the amount of the indemnity and its apportionment among the Allies.

At the first Hythe conference it was tentatively agreed that the liquidation of the inter-Allied debt should be regulated by the rate at which Germany met the obligations imposed on her by the Reparations Commission, but this agreement has already been scrapped, for the reason that England will not bind herself to wait for France as long as France must wait for Germany. Mr. Lloyd George has stated the English position in these few well-chosen words, quoted by the correspondent of the *New York Tribune*: "The attitude of the British Government has always been that we would cancel debts owed to us if the United States would cancel a similar amount of England's debts." Such generosity is comparable only to that displayed by Artemus Ward in an encounter with a man to whom he owed five hundred dollars. The gentleman was so much in need of money that he offered to throw off half the debt; and Artemus Ward was so touched by this kindness, and so fully determined not to be outdone in generosity, that he offered to throw off the other half. Mr. Lloyd George's willingness to pass American generosity on down the line is all well enough; but of more consequence is his comprehension of the fact that the Allies can not squeeze blood out of the German turnip until it is given a chance to

grow a bit. The British Premier knows that when he harries France, France must harry Germany; but he understands also what the French seem not yet to have grasped—that the reparations-pyramid can not be built upon Germany, unless there is a Germany to build upon. On the other hand, one important fact seems still to lie beyond the comprehension of Mr. George: no amount of decency toward Germany will convince America that England should not bear her own financial burdens to the full, so long as she is willing to start a new Greek war every week or so, for the purpose of protecting her latest conquests up and down the earth.

OUR LAWLESS GOVERNMENTS.

It is quite probable that a certain amount of law-breaking is a necessary part of political growth; and that only an intelligent observance of how laws secure or fail to secure the adhesion of all sections of the community, enables the legislature to be wise in time, keeping its machinery up to date, and in working accord with the general conscience of the nation. But if law-breaking is useful as a sort of clinical thermometer to the body politic, it is all the more important that there should be no special class of law-breakers more immune than any other class from that crucial test of pains and penalties which gives to conscientious law-breaking a certain moral value. A man who breaks the law with the full intention of facing the consequence, in order to give society a proof of his sincerity, is in a certain sense "law-abiding"; a man who breaks the law, knowing that by subterfuge or by privilege, he can escape the consequences, is merely law-evading, and his breach of it has no moral value whatever. He who breaks the law, on a safe calculation that he can profit thereby, is intellectually a rogue and a vagabond; he who breaks it, with the full intention of getting to prison for doing so is, intellectually a martyr to his political convictions—though possibly a wrong-headed one.

Law-breaking may be, therefore, of service or dis-service to the community: it may teach it much, or it may teach it nothing; and it may stand, in its practitioners, for all sorts and kinds and degrees of moral values. It is only when a certain section of the community is able to continue its law-breaking with impunity while other sections are being punished that law-breaking becomes really dangerous to the welfare of the state. For assuredly if one section of law-breakers sees that another section is immune, it is not likely in consequence to be more law-abiding but less; and so from section to section law-breaking may spread till it embraces the bulk of a people, each section breaking the law according to the desire of its own heart, or the strength of its political convictions.

There can be little doubt, for instance, that in Ireland to-day the general lawlessness of the country and the high degree of immunity achieved by the Sinn Féin organizations is the direct product of the high degree of immunity achieved by Carsonism under the corrupt connivance of the British Government six years ago. Perhaps Sinn Féin may eventually get roped in, and sent to prison or to the scaffold in a sufficiently large proportion to avenge the outraged dignity of the law; but the arch-villain of the piece—the group of men most really responsible—will, so far as criminal proceedings are concerned, escape scot-free; and all the world knows it. The Government, which had in its hands the power to withhold or to operate the instrument of law, allowed a one-sided immunity from legal consequence to be estab-

lished. Illegal consequences have now followed in a wide-spreading flood; and the Government is desperately sending munitions in an attempt to stop the breach, with the result that to-day we have the spectacle of men holding high office in the British Government, who six years ago allowed one set of political extremists to land illegal munitions in Ireland with impunity, now uttering moral diatribes against railwaymen who refuse to handle munitions for another set of political extremists—for an unrepresentative coterie in Dublin Castle calling itself a government, which knows that in militarism it possesses the only instrument with which it can hope to maintain itself in power and at the same time avert the consequences of its blindness.

It is this perpetual immunity of blundering governments, and this power resident in their hands to decree immunity for their friends and supporters, which is at the root of much of the industrial unrest and the political law-breaking which now afflicts society. In every country, large sections of the community have become thoroughly suspicious of government, because government is seen to be altogether immune from the consequences of its own acts, and because by its manipulation, either in the operation or the withholding of the processes of law, it can and often does confer advantage and immunity upon the side it favours. But in so doing it creates a wide-spreading sense that laws meant to be equal, are not operated equally, and will not be operated equally while the operator of those laws can himself claim a practical immunity for that kind of official corruption which prudently limits itself to favouritism, picking and choosing those whom he will prosecute and those whom he will not prosecute; and being under no bond of Constitutional obligation to institute proceedings on a prima-facie case where the results might be inconvenient to his illegal policies.

That kind of immunity existing and traded upon in official circles to-day, that power of initiative in the control of the judicial instrument, is having a disastrous effect upon the moral relations between governments and people.

The people everywhere can see quite plainly and with half an eye that of recent years vast stretches of power have passed into the hands of their governments, and they see equally plainly that their own hold over these governments is loosening—is being officially evaded. They know, moreover, that their governments do not always tell them the truth, that in order to secure the *fait accompli*, any government will adopt every kind of concealment and disguise and prevarication; they know too that their precious Constitutions give them no means of punishing even the grossest breaches of truth and candour and honour—breaches which are becoming more and more customary in the official utterances of governments.

High above all the law-breaking that is going on in the world to-day—law-breaking so unequally inquired into, so unequally punished, stands the partial administrator, immune; taking every day more power of judicial initiative and selection into his hands, daily ridding himself, under official forms and circumlocutions, of immediate and effective popular control. Immune, in a vicious circle he stands; and because of his immunity, and the immunity he is able to bestow on others, a vast disrespect for all the processes of the law is growing up in every land, and law-breaking assumes more and more the aspect of a necessary defence against official encroachment, or, indeed, of a positive virtue for the restoration of civil liberty.

THE MIND OF ANATOLE FRANCE.

WITH so much else of good and evil that perished in the war a great many shattered idols must be included. Libertarians and pacifists went crashing down when the earth rocked with the thunder of guns and the threats of governments! And prone with the rest was Anatole France. Perhaps it is unfair to hold him too strictly to the doctrine of pacifism, for, if he exposed the insane and puerile institution of war more tellingly than any of his contemporaries, did he not in 1913 evoke Fabian cheers in London by expressing belief in "an armed nation, the great resource and the only one for a free country"? His failure to withstand the contagion of popular hysteria may justify the disenchanted ex-soldiers of the *Clarté* group in writing him down a lost leader, but his former testimony regarding war and industrial slavery remains as unaffected by his late reaction as was Herbert Spencer's definition of equal freedom by subsequent recantation.

In all his delightful books it is the mind of Anatole France that forms the *pièce de résistance*. In the guise of one character after another he portrays himself with a fond reiteration which never palls. Thus, the opinions of M. Jerome Coignard, the vagabond abbé, reveal "the indulgent wisdom" of the author, "and that kind of generous scepticism shown in his reflections on man, so mingled with benevolence and contempt."

The abbé is described as a combination of Epicurus and St. Francis of Assisi, "the two best friends suffering humanity has ever met in its blind path." Epicurus because he freed the soul from vain terrors and taught men to accommodate the idea of happiness to their feeble strength. And the good St. Francis because, more tender and more sensual, he led the way to felicity by the inward dream and gave the example of a soul dwelling in joy in the depths of an enchanted solitude. The abbé is at once audacious and pacific, disdainful and gentle. "He despised men tenderly." His heart was wrung by the cruelties he witnessed, but his sympathy extended beyond the victims to the tormentors themselves whom he pitied for being evil. "He did not believe that reprisals, whether legal or spontaneous, did else than add wrong to wrong. He rejoiced neither in the satisfaction of private vengeance nor in the majestic cruelty of the law. In a word, his philosophy is stamped with a benevolent irony, indulgent and affable."

Although Anatole France is fond of dwelling on the evolution of society from the days when our ancestors lived in caves or took shelter in trees, he neither overestimated the quality of *ante-bellum* civilization nor encouraged the hope of rapid progress. He advocated what he somewhere calls resignation in effort, which consists in "always attacking wrong, without being irritated at its invulnerable immortality." Thus the wise Abbé Coignard judged the ineptitude of governments to be so complete that if the shepherd were made king according to his wish, he could not outdo in stupidity and wickedness rulers who, in unending succession have covered the world with blood and ruins. Indeed, his very incapacity would have the advantage of making impossible the learned diplomatic exchanges which only lead to useless and disastrous conflicts, and strengthen the idea that it would be a godsend for humanity if there were an end of foreign politics.

It was Machiavelli, said the abbé, who first conceived the idea of a patriot army, but having made that a commonplace, the worshippers of Leviathan are

bent on sacrificing all private interests in behalf of the public interest. Stupified by shame and poverty, the result of rule by the soldier and the plutocrat, humanity has accepted with but feeble protest the monstrous institution of universal military service. In another place Anatole France has declared that "to force men to kill each other is the disgrace of emperors and republics, the crime of crimes." We have outdone the so-called barbarous ages when mercenaries made war deliberately and prudently, and knights who were good for little else died of their own free will.

In the days of St. Louis no one would have dreamed of sending a man of learning and intelligence into battle. Nor was the labourer dragged from his plough and forced to join the army. Now it is considered the duty of a poor peasant to serve as a soldier. Now he is driven from his home with its chimneys smoking in the golden evening light, from the rich meadows where his oxen are grazing, from his cornfields and ancestral woods. In the court-yard of some miserable barracks he is taught how to kill men methodically; he is threatened, insulted, imprisoned; he is told that it is an honour, and if he desires no such honour, he is shot.

As for the Abbé Coignard, he had tried all callings save that of soldier, which he regarded with disgust and fear "because of its servile nature and the false glory and cruelty which attach to it." It was a mystery to him that men and women should plume themselves on their connexion with the very deeds which are most repellent to human nature. It is amazing, he declares,

that war and the chase, the mere thought of which ought to overwhelm us with shame and remorse in reminding us of the wretched necessities of our nature and our inveterate wickedness, can, on the contrary, serve as the cause of pride; that Christian peoples continue to honour the occupations of butcher and executioner when traditional in families, and in short that among civilized nations the citizen's claim to celebrity is determined by the amount of murder and carnage he so-to-speak carries in his veins.

This passage recalls the comment made by Emerson on the origin of the great English families.

These founders of the House of Lords [he wrote] were greedy and ferocious dragoons, sons of greedy and ferocious pirates. They were all alike, they took everything they could carry, they burned, harried, violated, tortured, and killed, until everything English was brought to the verge of ruin. Such, however, is the illusion of antiquity and wealth, that decent and dignified men now existing boast their descent from these filthy thieves, who showed a far juster conviction of their own merits by assuming for their types the swine, goat, jackal, leopard, wolf, and snake, which they severally resembled.

The amazing fact for us is that the future Emerson or Anatole France will have to award the palm of malignant cruelty to the present generation, unless, indeed, the wars which are now developing produce crimes of even greater magnitude and horror than those of which we have been the callous witnesses.

In surveying the new maps of Europe, Asia and Africa we can agree with the Abbé Coignard that it is remarkable that a military power procures honour by the theft of a province, "and that an outrage punishable by death if committed by a bold individual, becomes praiseworthy if consummated with the most furious cruelty by a sovereign." But excesses are committed not only against the enemy but against men who, willingly or not, serve as food for powder. We do not need to be reminded of the savagery of courts martial. With so many recent examples fresh in our memory, we can not but agree with Coignard that these travesties of law are atrociously cruel. And we must share his amazement "that such atrocities are committed by Christian people who honour Saint Se-

bastian, the rebelling soldier, and those martyrs of the Theban legion whose sole glory is that they incurred in their day the cruelty of courts martial for refusing to fight."

It was the Abbé Coignard who made a prophecy which, it is to be hoped, may be nearing fulfilment. War, said he, the hereditary evil of modern society, would at length reach its full flower and then wither; that if it was painful to think that we should not see the end of these concerted butcheries, we might perhaps discover in the growing size of armaments a distant presage of universal peace. "Armies continually increase both in size and number. Entire peoples will some day be engulfed by them. Then the monster will perish from over-feeding. He will die of obesity." The recent war which swept the world like a tidal wave, and is now laying bare the mud and wreckage as it recedes, engulfed entire peoples. For the first time in history, whole populations were made part of the war machine. Will the present revulsion of popular feeling against militarism mark the doom of war?

The answer is clearly No, unless the material cause of war is acknowledged and proper steps taken to remove it. Anatole France is aware of a connexion between unjust laws and a nation in arms, equally hostile alike to the foreign enemy and to the dissenting citizen. "Our citizenship," he writes, "is another occasion for pride! For the poor it consists in supporting and maintaining the rich in their power and idleness. They must labour at this task in spite of the majestic equality of the laws, which forbid rich and poor alike to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets, and to steal bread." This is the equality provided by the much sung Revolution, "a revolution effected by mad men and idiots for the benefit of those who had acquired the wealth of the crown." Only cunning peasants and money-lending bourgeois were gainers. "In the name of equality it founded the empire of wealth."

The question arises, are we about to enter a new stage of evolution now that the institution of war is so far gone in fatty degeneration, and now that national finances are stricken with the same malady? Anatole France, who describes the symptoms of the disease of modern society with consummate skill, scarcely pretends to know the remedy, an inkling of which he might have for the asking, however, from his great compatriot Turgot.

THE DO-WITHOUTERS.

THE great revolution started because of the price of butter. One morning Mrs. Smith announced that butter was now ninety cents a pound. This roused Mr. Smith's wrath. Bringing his fist down upon the table, he declared: "I am going to vote for Debs and the whole Socialist ticket until butter comes down to forty cents."

"But how will that bring down the price of butter?" inquired Mrs. Smith, for whom the word Socialist had an ominous sound.

"I don't know," returned her lord and master; "but I've tried everything else. Why on earth should butter be more than it was ten years ago? The cows don't eat any more. Their household expenses have not increased; it doesn't cost any more to educate calves; there aren't fewer cows than there were—so why should the price of milk and butter and cheese go up?"

"Still, I don't see how Socialism will bring it down," grimly insisted Mrs. Smith. "I'd rather stick to the Republicans. They were for the protective tariff because it made a full dinner-pail. Why couldn't it make a full milk-pail?"

Smith snorted, and rose. "Women don't know anything about such things," he announced. "I'm going over to talk with Doctor Jones." So he stamped across the street to Doctor Jones's office.

"Doc," he said, "do you know that butter has gone up to ninety cents?"

"I thought it would," said Doctor Jones, "but I don't care. I'm going to raise my charge for a visit to three dollars."

"Haven't you any conscience either?" snapped Smith.

"I'm doing it only in self-defence," retorted Doctor Jones. "How do you expect me to pay ninety cents a pound for butter, unless I get the ninety cents out of my patients?"

But Smith dodged the question. "What I want to know," he said, "is how the working-man can pay his way. Here's a man on the street-car line, getting about twenty-five dollars a week. How is he going to meet these fool prices?"

"He doesn't," replied Doctor Jones. "He runs an account. There are nearly two thousand dollars unpaid on my books, and it might as well be three thousand. The people who can afford to pay must pay more—that's all. Did you hear that the street-car men are going to strike next week for an increase of seventy-five per cent? Then they won't need to cut out butter, and can still call me when they've eaten too much plum pudding."

"Gosh," groaned Smith, "then the street-car company will double the fare!"

"Of course," said the Doctor complacently. "That is the new national game. You might call it progressive euchre, for everybody is trying to euchre everybody else."

"All the profiteers ought to be hanged," said Smith sententiously.

"Who'd be left?" asked the sardonic Doctor. "The other day, my butcher was telling me how the butchers uptown are profiteering. Their prices were twenty per cent higher than his, and he admitted he was making fifty per cent profit."

"People ought to do without meat," said Smith.

"Have you heard about that contract for building the State road," the Doctor went on. "The contractor bid double on every item. He doubled the labour cost, the cost of material, and the overhead—and his bid was the lowest. A rival contractor, who had a bit of a pull with the State Road Department, was awarded the contract for a contiguous section, and his bid was three times as much. Now if the first contractor made 100 per cent, the second one made 500 per cent."

"Crooked politics," said Smith.

"Do you know any other sort of politics?"

"Well, I'm cured," announced Smith. "I'm going to vote the Socialist ticket from now on. The Republicans and the Democrats are rascals."

"Socialists are made out of the same mud; they would be rascals too if they got into power."

"Then how can we bring prices down?" demanded Smith. "Something has got to be done."

"One man can't do it, nor a dozen," said the Doctor. "But if you'll get together a hundred in this neighbourhood, we can make a pretty good start. We'll all do without."

"But you can't do without eating," Smith objected, "you can't do without clothes. If one does without butter, they put up the price of oleo; if people wear overalls, overalls go to five dollars a pair. If we started a suicide club, it would only boost the price of coffins."

"I don't mean to do without any of the things we need," replied the Doctor. "But there are a vast number of things we do not need, coffins among them. If we do without those things, we'll soon have as our allies the people who produce and sell them. For instance, 'there's the 'movie' theatre. Everyone can do without the 'movies.' Julius Caesar and Ralph Waldo Emerson lived their lives without ever seeing Mary Pickford. Then if all of us will do without the movie theatre, it follows that the owner of the movie theatre will do without butter. Thus we should be boycotting the butter-man through the movie-man. People who pay Charlie Chaplin a million a year ought to be able to pay ninety cents for butter."

"That sounds interesting," admitted Smith. "Go on. What else can we do without?"

"Newspapers," said the Doctor. "It isn't a large item of expense, you think—only two or three cents a day. But remember that you are paying for the advertisements of the department-stores. If you could figure it out you might find that actually your daily paper costs you fifteen or twenty cents a copy. Now if you stop taking that paper, the editor, getting out his daily grist of misinformation, propaganda, and piffle, will suddenly have a very real and personal interest in reducing the cost of living. It will become his problem. At present his interest is on the other side, because if automobiles were sold for half the current price, the manufacturers could not pay for all their expensive advertising. We

pay the newspaper to persuade us to pay more for things than they are worth—to buy a breakfast food, for instance, which is only oat-meal mixed with saccharin and put up in a coloured box for a modest 300 per cent profit. By stopping the newspaper we cut off the persuasion. The only way to persuade us to buy goods will be to bring down the price. The editor, will become a public-spirited citizen, and he in his turn will boycott the butter-dealer, because he no longer is getting your money to pay for butter at ninety cents a pound."

"It sounds good," commented Smith. "Who else is on your list?"

"Lawyers," said the Doctor. "We doctors may be a necessary evil, but certainly the lawyers are not—not necessary, I mean. If all the lawyers were hanged to-morrow, the world would be a better place. Don't we show it right along by electing so many lawyers to the Congress and Legislatures, because they can be spared easier than anybody else. Now if we made up our minds to do without lawyers for awhile, those lawyers would pretty soon become our earnest allies in the fight against high prices."

"They might," said Smith, "unless the profiteers hire them to get us indicted for conspiracy to cut down their profits."

"Now," went on the Doctor ignoring this piece of scepticism, "I'll come to another class—not such unholy mischief-makers as the lawyers, but just as unnecessary. I mean the preachers. Salvation is free, but the boxing and cartage comes high. If we decided to do without professional prayers, the parsons would turn in to help make it easier and cheaper to live in this world. I think we could get along without the preachers—there are about 100,000 of them in the country, and if they all got work on dairy farms, butter would be a whole lot cheaper."

"Go ahead," said Smith with reviving interest, "what else can we do without?"

"Few classes are really indispensable," replied the Doctor. "I, for one, can get along pretty well without the Secretary of War, without the bassoon-player next-door, and without Sophocles, who shines my shoes. The book-keeper, the actor, the milliner, and a host of others are more or less superfluous—if Ko-Ko had them on his list, they never would be missed. If we would do without them, they would quickly learn that they can not do without us. We've become slaves of our own luxury and laxity. We don't need kid gloves, nor silk neckties, nor novels by Robert W. Chambers, nor a chromo of General Pershing. If we were really in earnest about securing our economic emancipation, we could do it by doing without enough things to force all our neighbours into this righteous war against oppression. Ultimately we'd even get the politicians with us, if we showed them that we can do without them, just as a dog can do without fleas. These pests consume a large part of our income by taxing us and then dividing the proceeds among themselves: some for being policemen to watch us and club us when they think we are troublesome, some for being inspectors to see that we do not cheat one another in weights and measures, some to run almshouses where we can go when bread as well as butter gets beyond us, some to conduct insane asylums where the victims of civilization may be locked up when their condition becomes known, some to devise new crimes and new laws to catch the new criminals. But most of the time, these politicians are engaged in keeping themselves in power by flattering and deceiving us, incidentally giving away huge wads of our tax-money to idlers and beggars who happen to have votes. By all means, let us do without the politicians!"

Thus the revolution started. It spread rapidly. First a dozen families signed a pledge to abstain from unnecessary things till necessary things came down. They called themselves the Do-Withouters Club, and the Doctor, as chairman, made up a Do-Without Catalogue. One by one the drones in the town began to realize that the price of butter was excessive. The profits of the moving-picture theater diminished along with the circulation of the "Town Tattler." Crowds that used to pack street-cars rushing about on unnecessary errands—picnics, dances, meetings of all kinds, began to thin out.

Soon the dealers in foodstuffs began to realize that their sales were dropping because so many people who were doing unnecessary things had been deprived of purchasing power. The price of one commodity after another tumbled. Everybody was delighted until one morning Smith rushed into the Doctor's office, excitedly waving a sheet of paper.

"I've got one too," said the Doctor.

"Here we've brought the cost of living down twenty-five per cent," thundered Smith, "and the landlord raises our rent

twenty-five per cent, saying that we can afford it now. Since everything is down, we ought not to mind the increase. What are we going to do about it?"

"I've been expecting it," said the imperturbable Doctor, "and am prepared. To what purpose am I president of the town council? An ordinance is ready that will increase taxes on ground-rent thirty per cent if rents go up twenty-five per cent. Every time rents go up, taxes will go up a little faster. But I don't think rents will go up for our landlord is a reasoning creature and knows arithmetic."

So rents didn't go up after all. It dawned even upon the landlord that prosperity and progress depend not upon how little each can give and how much he can get, but upon the paradox that the more each gives the more he gets. The stomach is the corner-stone of the cosmic order, and when butter is cheap people will not spread bolshevism.

GEORGE SEIBEL.

THE CASE FOR A THIRD PARTY: II.

Is the Committee of Forty-eight the proper instrument to form a new party? That is a question that one can not answer authoritatively. Strictly speaking, there never is a proper instrument for the accomplishment of a political purpose, any more than there is an opportune time. It is one of the disadvantages of situations like this that we have to employ the agency that comes to hand, and seize the occasion that presents itself, however short of the ideal. Moreover, the fitness of the Committee of Forty-eight, as a means of forming a new party, depends upon one's conception of what the new party is going to do when formed. To me the one great service a new party can perform, and perform only if guided by men sharing the philosophy of the Committee of Forty-eight, is to let the cat out of the bag.

Reformers, muckrakers, banshee journalists and statisticians, with their index numbers, diagrammatic price curves, etc., have, with pleasurable sadness, instructed us that, economically speaking, we are up against it. The experience of the average citizen, in trying to adapt his household budget to the shrinking dollar, rams home this lugubrious message. Both in the field of politics and economics the public knows well enough what is being done to it; but it has an exceedingly vague and shadowy idea of how it is being done. Plainly, the public can not hope to end the political and economic exploitation from which it suffers, unless it knows something about the mechanics of exploitation. Wherefore the need of letting the cat out of the bag. And this unfortunately can not be achieved within any measurable time by propaganda alone. But a national campaign, in which the *modus operandi* of exploitation and the means of checking it are held aloft as political issues and debated in every state, with the heat and sustained interest that only economic issues can arouse, will so effectually release and enliven the aforesaid cat that the reactionaries of our entire political brotherhood will never be able to round him up and chase him back again.

The technique of privilege is not intricate. On the contrary, to any one who gives it attention it is exceedingly simple. But most people do not give it attention, for the very good reason that, to the press, to politics, and to the school and college, discussion of the technique of privilege is practically taboo. In the vast majority of cases, the editor can not keep his job, the writer can not sell his writing, the politician can not get his nomination, the teacher can not stay in his chair, if he is unwise enough to discant upon the economic mechanism of class power. This is nothing to be grieved or indignant about. We live in a society controlled by a little group that derives its

control and the profits consequent thereto, almost entirely from the application of the monopoly principle. It is natural, indeed one may say highly fitting, that the high priests of such a society should protect the sources of their supremacy from assault.

Now the Committee of Forty-eight is, so far as I know, the only organized body, with political possibilities, that puts forward a definite political programme that (1) aims at the abolition of class power, and (2) is based on a distinctly American philosophy. This philosophy, in a few words, is as follows: Private initiative, private industry, private agricultural production and private production of all kinds should be encouraged to the utmost; and the government should own or operate only such things as, when left in private hands, tend to create monopoly, whereby production is restricted, prices raised, employment decreased, and unfair advantages in transportation, fuel or raw material given to particular combinations or groups which use them for their own good and the detriment of the rest of the community.

Since it is the fashion, in discussions of this kind, to be as hazy and indefinite as possible, let us for once rebel against usage, and become exceedingly exact and literal, stating a concrete case that contains the Committee's fundamental philosophy. The Committee of Forty-eight stands for public ownership of railroads. But it does not stand for this measure on account of the economies and efficiency it believes will result from public railroading itself. Nor does it stand for public ownership of railroads for the reasons advanced by the socialists, to wit: that all industry, including transportation, should be owned and operated by the State. On the contrary, it favours public ownership of railroads because it sees that, with railroads under private ownership, all industry, except that carried on by powerful monopoly groups, is to a greater or less degree restricted and crippled; and that, if this condition is not abated, the great producers who enjoy special transportation privileges, will wipe out even the remnants of competition, and prey upon the public with such entire freedom from restraint as to force the public to take over private industry for its own protection. In other words, we will be pushed into state ownership of industry, because, bad though it may prove, it will furnish relief, or anyhow change, from the present condition in which the privileged class has assumed the power of a communistic state, controlling industry, shelving the law of supply and demand, and making of capital and labour alike its personal servants.

As a matter of hard reality, the philosophy of the socialist and the trust magnate is not so dissimilar as might at first appear. Both build their church upon the rock of destruction of competition. But while the trust magnate's destruction of competition accrues to the benefit of a very small class, that of the socialist is intended to benefit the rank and file of humanity.

Returning to the Committee's philosophy of publicly owned railways, we are told that under private ownership, our railroad system is supposed to provide transportation to all at equal terms; that it gives the Steel Trust and its humblest competitor equal rates and equal service; that it provides, for the various other so-called trusts and their competitors, equal rates and equal service. But as a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true. Mr. Gary comes before a Congressional investigating committee in 1912 and admits that private railroading gives to the Steel Trust

an advantage, over outside companies, of from two to three dollars in bringing, from Michigan mines to mills in the Pittsburgh district, enough ore to make a ton of metal. With such a transportation differential, and with the duplicate weapon of a raw material differential, due to a monopoly in high grade ore and coking coal, the Steel Corporation has naturally found it a comparatively simple matter to beat down competition and fix prices for the whole steel industry.

With similar transportation, fuel and raw material differentials, as the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Federal Trade Commission explicitly report, the other great industrial combinations have likewise captured their respective industries. And, to the credit of these commissions, be it said that they confess with amazing and admirable frankness, that government regulation never has and never will be able to prevent these differentials, discriminations or rebates, as you may choose to call them; because they crop up in a hundred new places as soon as one of them is discovered and attacked by the commission's regulatory power.

Thus, whether the government be more or less efficient than the private corporation in conducting transportation and controlling those natural resources, without which industry can not proceed, is a comparatively unimportant question. The big cost of private ownership and the big economy in public ownership may not be measured in efficiency at all, but in the continuance or abolition of the private monopoly system which has extended its sway and immense exploitive power over every phase of our economic and political institutions, simply because we have been silly enough to permit a small number of persons to administer for their own advantage (a) our natural wealth, i.e., land and its contents, and (b) the very important business of moving from one place to another all that is made by man's hand or grown from his planting.

The above is a fragmentary interpretation of the principle underlying the Committee of Forty-eight's economic and political programme. Necessarily it is fragmentary because it describes the principle, not by stating it in the form of a general idea, but by citing a concrete proposal of the Committee which embodies the general idea. Evidently the philosophy is individualistic—individualistic without compromise or apology. And therefore our socialistically inclined friends, with eyes on Russia, declare that we are staging the last stand of individualism in a world destined to communistic organization. Last stand it may be; that remains to be decided. But certainly it is the first stand of individualism in this country, or, perhaps more exactly, the first organized attempt at individualism since we lost the individualism of the 18th and early 19th century.

Without doubt, there has been no industrial individualism since the advance of monopoly in the late nineties, which happens, by the way, to be the time at which the purchasing power of the average American began its career of decline, in spite of the simultaneous rise in the *per capita* wealth of the country. For what is the use of talking of individualism in a society where energy, transportation and the land are locked, as in a storehouse, and doled out by the proprietors only to those with whom they may choose to do business.

And yet the passing of individualism, and the accompanying shift toward communism, was, like

most important events, practically unnoted by our economists and politicians. When the firm of Miller and Lux boasted that they could drive their cattle over their own lands from Los Angeles to San Francisco; when the census returns first informed us of the decimation of the owner-farmer; when Mr. Carnegie testified before the Ways and Means Committee that, however rich a man might be, he could not start a steel business, because of the ore monopoly; when John Moody reported that from eighty to ninety per cent of the hard coal supply was held out of the market and out of use, in order to raise prices and maintain a labour surplus; when the Interstate Commerce Commission announced that the price of crude and refined petroleum was exclusively in the power of a single company, owing to transportation differentials, established under the nose of Congress—what was the reaction of these significant and momentous utterances upon American economists, intellectuals and politicians? Zero. But was their bearing upon democracy zero? And were they unrelated to the question, whether we are to turn to individualism or communism?

Surely it should be sufficiently apparent that a society in which that equality of opportunity essential to individualism has been destroyed, through the inroads of private monopolistic control, can not go on in *status quo*. Either the monopolistic control will be extended and transferred to the State, which is the only logical monopolist; or the monopolism will be curbed to the point where individualism may again come into its own.

The capitalist, on the other hand, is as unfriendly to the programme of the Committee of Forty-eight as is the socialist. He denies that it is individualistic; and sees in it the forerunner of Marxian socialism. "How can you call it individualism" says he, "when you propose that the government should own the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Messabe range?" Nevertheless, one must differ with the capitalist as thoroughly as with the socialist. Individualism is possible only in a state where we do not allow vast accumulations of economic power to nullify the individual's opportunity to function both in the field of capital and labour. A pure *laissez-faire* policy, in an age where combination instinctively seeks to control raw material, fuel, and the means of distribution, is as lethal to individualism as anything that Karl Marx ever devised or Lenin put in practice.

Needless to say, individualism in its modern sense does not oppose organized effort, or imply a return to small units of production—to the stagecoach and blacksmith shop, as the late Colonel Roosevelt put it, when there was suggested to him the advisability of reducing the monopolistic prerogatives of certain well-known combinations. Our proposal is merely to take away unfair advantages, differentials, monopolies and preferred access to those elements of industry which all must use in order to conduct industry at all; and then, with success dependent upon efficiency rather than privilege, to let combinations grow or shrink to the dimension that experience recommends.

The attitude of labour is slightly different from that of either the socialist or the capitalist. Labour is essentially pragmatic in spirit; its daily observation of the mechanical relation between cause and effect has made it so. Consequently, it is comparatively easy for the man who works with his hands to realize that only by freeing industrial opportunity and creating a condition where the demand for labour is

greater than the supply, can the arch enemy of labour, the labour surplus, be eliminated, and labour become confidently its own master. It is a discouraging reflection, and not one that labour can afford to ignore, that the members of even such a highly organized union as the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, who have gained for themselves almost everything that labour ever asks (closed shop, collective bargaining, shop-management, control over wages, etc.) become as helpless as the poorest unorganized workers in the Pennsylvania coke fields when the labour surplus appears. And incidentally, this same freeing of industry from monopoly's ball and chain is as much to the interest of the consumer as that of labour, for, in its restoration of competition and the law of supply and demand, is found the consumer's sole protection against extortionate prices.

But whether we like individualism or not, there remains to us the choice of but two alternatives. We will go along under the present system of minority control of opportunity, until it becomes intolerable and there develops a violent movement toward communism, modelled perhaps on the Russian experiment. Whereupon our government will not only run our railroads but our industries; and not only run our industries, but tell us when and how to brush our teeth. Or else we will, let us hope through political action, destroy the economic privileges that lend themselves to minority control and make a trial of individualism, limiting individualism only by the necessity of protecting society from those who themselves would limit opportunity and function.

Personally, I believe that, should reaction drive us to a trial of communism, the trial will end in failure, for the same reason that our present arrangement of government by a privileged class is ending in failure. It is obvious that a man as wise as Lenin already sees that, when peace comes to Russia, and it is no longer a question of either extinction by outside enemies and famine, or surrender to a meticulous and pervasive governmental regulation, a change will have to be made in favour of wider opportunity and freer choice of function. If not, it is probable that the revolutionists of to-day will soon be in arms to deliver themselves from the principles which they now herald with such enthusiasm as the watchwords of emancipation.

Man is a libertarian animal, to whom no degree of fiscal well-being quite compensates for the loss of power of choice. He wants to work for whom he pleases, when and where he pleases. He wants the fruits of his own labour, because it is his own labour. He wants to express himself in his own successes and failures. It is only because the privileged class has taken from him this power of choice, and, at the same time, struck at his earning power and physical comfort, that he turns his eyes to the unwelcome concept of an over-socialized world, in which, though the State may be his master, it will be a master of his own making.

AMOS PINCHOT.

IL FAUT CULTIVER SON JARDIN.

THE communities of the Western World are profoundly ignorant of each other, and are impassive to their common concerns and common difficulties, because in the main they know each other only by their differences, peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. That they remain thus ignorant is the capital fault of the very people who by training and sophistication should be devoted to breaking down the barriers of self-

sufficiency and self-complacency within which the people of each nation move and have their being.

There are two large and accessible means which we may employ to remove the sources of international misunderstanding. The first is the deliberate adoption of a more critical attitude towards our own mental processes. If we are to build up a world community which shall transcend the futile provincialisms that today are strutting and posturing on the stage of international life, the essential thing to emphasize is the profound likeness of one country to another. It is absurd for a traveller to prolong the thrill of strangeness which marks his passage from the United States to England, or from England to France, when the more persistent and truer reaction is the warmth of familiarity in the human scene. This is not to say that all the real differences should not be the subject of keen speculation and inquiry, or that peculiarities of history and of geographical situation should be ignored. However that may be, the essential fact remains—a fact which bears most heavily upon the future political happiness of the world—that all humanity is in the same boat, and that all peoples must sooner or later find similar means of adjusting themselves to similar internal and external conditions. A clear perception of this simple fact is a requisite of every person who professes any degree of intellectual responsibility.

The second means of promoting international comity is even more severely a truism than is the first. It is summed up in the old story of the mote and the beam. In other words, an excellent way to avoid misunderstanding and misinterpreting other countries is to examine more circumspectly the conditions within one's own. Our peculiar sensitiveness to wrongs and grievances, and divers grave miscarriages and disasters happening beyond the three-mile limit, would not affect us so acutely were we a little more keen to register an honest opinion regarding what is taking place under our very noses. The whole duty of the internationalist in the present position of affairs is to mind his own business. But to mind one's own business, so we are in the habit of thinking, is to take a grubby, selfish view of one's responsibilities. We are wont to believe that a nobler scheme of values implies the duty of minding the business of someone else; a point of view which has, of course, been sedulously fostered by those altruists who have stood to gain economically by the practice of conducting other people's affairs.

It is, of course, perfectly obvious that a great part of our preoccupation with the affairs of other nations is an attempt to forget our exceeding futility in dealing with the conduct of our own. Our attitude is either nothing more than a defence reaction by which we are prevented from getting a full sense of the frustration we should otherwise feel in our own milieu, or it is only a blind, reflexly adopted, by the simple Freudian mechanism of substitution, to obviate the painful necessity for inquiring too closely into our own situation. Historical examples of this are many: the interest of the old French autocracy in the establishment of free institutions in the American colonies; the concern of the Manchester cotton manufacturers to abolish negro slavery in distant lands while perpetuating a notorious system of child-slavery in their own; the passion of our pious Southerners to convert the heathen world to Christianity while entirely oblivious to the foul marks of ignorance and debasement that are smudged on their own doorsteps—but such examples might be multiplied indefinitely,

all going to show that a large part of that international mind about which some of us are so self-congratulatory at times, is due to our pitiable weakness in wrestling with the problems of our own environment. The internationalist would do well to realize that the facility for discovering the mote in the eye of one's brother is usually a pretty sure indication of there being quite a fair-sized beam in one's own; in other words, the American who finds himself passionately concerned with the British Government in Ireland, would do well to seek a lucid hour of introspection and then ask himself whether he has completely exhausted his efforts to establish some measure of personal liberty in the United States.

There would, of course, be no objection to the practice of each nation minding another's business if any satisfactory results could be secured in that way. The plan of taking in one another's washing may not lead to any net commercial gain, but it is at least a way of seeing that the washing is done. If England would solve the Negro problem in America in friendly reciprocity for our aid in solving the Irish problem, and if the Russian Soviets would help us to find some means of keeping our own Lusks and Stevenson's *et al.* from being admitted into public life, in return for our aid in showing them how the methods of a functional autocracy may be preserved without doing violence to democratic forms and ritual, the final result might not be exactly "Home Rule All Around" but such reciprocity would, at any rate, clean up some troublesome messes.

But, alas, no such mutual aid among the nations is possible. Our tremendous concern to see that the affairs of our neighbours are carried on with prudence and propriety, that is to say in accordance with the habits into which we have been bred, has not only no appreciable result upon our neighbour's business, but it has the disastrous effect of permitting our own business to deteriorate by neglect. It is because we have been such duffers at minding our own business that almost any little clique of interested people, in a political party, a trades-union, or a business corporation, can so easily persuade us to let them mind it on our behalf. The fundamental weakness of international relations to-day is that they are necessarily a reflex of intra-national conditions. Before we can hope to build up an effective world community we must be prepared to lay the foundations for it in our own back yard. The art and practice of minding one's own business begins with small and intimate units. Unless we can achieve it in the household workshop, the school and the city, we shall not be able to step out effectively into the spacious life of the nation and the world.

Here is no advocacy of any limit being set to international co-operation, here is no attempt to defend an ignoble pre-occupation with the environment of the barn yard and the village pump; on the contrary, this is a plea for a sound preparatory discipline which will serve as the groundwork for a more substantial internationalism than that which we possess in our modern industrial and political mechanisms. Through the intensive survey of our own environments we can best appreciate the requirements and possibilities of those others that lie outside our immediate ken. Moreover, a sedulous attention to the affairs of one's own community is apt to be conducive to a proper attitude of humility. Possessing a deeper insight into our own affairs, our study of other communities will lead us to emphasize the likenesses between us rather than the differences, and we shall then be in a position to

work effectively together, over much wider reaches, on the same plane.

While we have plenty to learn from each other—and the business of creating channels of intercourse so that we may achieve fruitful contacts is one of the major problems of our common civilization—we must realize, with humility, that as nations we have nothing to teach. Those nationals who are imbued with the notion that their country has a heaven-sent mission and must endow the rest of the world with its institutional peculiarities, are a pernicious nuisance and worse. A man with a message and a nation with a mission are both likely to be humbugs.

But how shall we mind our business? What business is ours to mind? The answer to the second question will indicate the approach to the first: the business of sane men everywhere and especially of those who have the advantage of international contacts, is to care for and perpetuate the common social heritage of our civilization. Let us then begin by trying to follow a little more faithfully the injunction to cultivate our respective gardens. Because we have failed to do this, the soil of the world to-day is rank and foetid with noisome weeds.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

TOO MUCH TECHNIQUE OF ORGANIZATION.

SIRS: I should like to thank you for the information contained in your reply to "Gallerius." I remember nothing quite so refreshing and unusual as the method you have initiated for instructing correspondents who ask radicals "to develop in theory a new economics and a new political economy." You have rendered a great service by directing the attention of "Gallerius" to radical literature which men in search of a "technique of organization" rarely stumble upon. The authors and the works you have selected for his attention do not, however, make a complete list of economists who have striven to make the rough places of political economy smooth for men who are looking for "constructive radicalism." You might have referred your correspondent also to John Stuart Mill and Professor von Böhm-Bawerk. Professor Thorold Rogers, too, in his "Six Centuries of Work and Wages," would provide "something solid to set his teeth in." And there are others, numbers of them, American and British, who have published works on political economy which have borne "the tests of the severest criticism."

But why suggest that your correspondent should burn his library and buy another when such a transaction will mean that he would have to jettison the whole of the precious theory that men can not get a living unless some Tory or some Socialist or some Liberal is there to supply a "technique of organization" for the producer. Why any old hen, whose domain is only an ash-heap at the back of a slum on the outskirts of any of our towns can, by doing a little scratching, and without any particular "technique of organization," get a living for herself, and incidentally make a return of an egg, now and then. But I realize so fully what a helpless creature man is, and how, in the beginning, Adam could not set to work to produce his food until the Creator provided a capitalist—equipped with a "technique of organization"—to employ him. I am surprised to find after the war an increase in the membership of what was once called the Brass Button Brigade, an organization of worthy people who imagine there is in every generation a select few endowed with special powers of directing and supervising millions of their less fortunate brethren in the work of producing food, fuel, clothing and shelter. These people imagine they are not land animals. Someone identified them with the race of supermen from which the Prussian bureaucrat sprang long years ago. Though their methods and phraseology are now refined and more liberal, they nevertheless are of the tribe described as "gentlemen especially fitted for the work of dragooning, regimenting, prodding, and classifying, those whose labour makes life easy for them."

We have been nearly organized out of existence by the "technique of organization" devised by these gentlemen, and whatever work of destruction has been done must be at-

tributed to the co-operative efforts of Tories of every description. Radicals seek not to destroy. Their desire is to restore the old, and they are indeed, as Edward Freeman put it so well, "the true conservatives." Any man who could write such a sentence as: "In fact, the radicals tend to confine their attention to the gay business of destructive criticism with little thought of the responsibilities that reconstruction would impose if the work of destruction should happen to be successful," must be utterly ignorant of the thought of many of the world's greatest thinkers. His knowledge of European history, at any rate, must be so small that I think you should have first directed his attention to a study of Green's "Short History of the English People," before you laid upon him the task of reading the economists who, after a full century of the work of the technicians of organization, are seeking to re-affirm and re-establish the economic freedom of the past. I am, etc.,

ECONOMICUS.

THE ITALIAN SITUATION.

SIRS: Most sincerely as a lover of Italy, I wish it were possible for me to take as optimistic a view of the situation in Italy as do Senor Costantini and Colonel Bartlett in their communications published in your pages a few weeks ago. The contentions in my letter were to point out the very obvious facts that the Italians in the late war had spent more of the national wealth than had the other chief Powers and nearly as large a proportion of their manhood, and as a result had obtained from the victory much less of its fruits. There was no intention to suggest that the position in this country was irreparable. The increasing birth rate, the strong reserve of healthy labour, and her great advantage in possessing enormous water power, contravenes this; but it was rather to explain the natural feeling of irritation and unrest, which to-day exists. I am convinced that the Italian Government has dealt wisely and thoroughly with the financial situation, as far as lies in their power; at the same time, recovery will be slow as long as productivity is low. It is no reply to my contention that poverty is extreme, to state that in some special cases workmen are receiving good wages—and even these, if examined would vanish to a large extent if put against the high cost of living—but there is absolutely no doubt of the grinding poverty of the poor. While I am prepared to endorse all that Colonel Bartlett says about the good behaviour of the crowds on strike and labour days in Florence and in Tuscany generally, it is difficult to overlook the almost every-day events in various cities and towns in Italy where the police find themselves up against excited and determined crowds, and ensuing considerable loss of life. Not for a moment am I suggesting that this is always the people's fault—the police here are very young and inexperienced—but these facts clearly demonstrate the general state of uncertainty.

My letter was intended to make clear to my American friends that if Europe is to recover from the dreadful shock of war, it will be necessary to achieve much more co-operation among nations than is apparent to-day; and that even America can not prosper with an eastern world in distress. Certainly the one great lesson of the war is that States can not now carry on without a much greater spirit of friendliness, and that no longer can they be selfish units but must come to each other's assistance in emergency for mutual help. Italy requires this more than any other great country to-day. I am, etc.,

Florence, Italy.

FRANCIS VANE, of Hutton.

THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP.

SIRS: In your distrust of the State you are certainly, as you say, "in good company." The company is not only good but in every sense great. Besides Emerson, there is, for example, Sir Thomas More. It is four hundred years since More wrote his "Utopia"; but with the lapse of the centuries and the change from "autocracy" to "democracy," his indictment of political government as the tool of economic privilege has lost none of its first force—quite the reverse. Let me remind you of this passage from the book just mentioned:

And yet, besides this, the rich men, not only by private fraud but also by common laws, do everyday pluck and snatch away from the poor some part of their daily living. So, whereas it seemed before unjust, to recompense with unkindness their pains that have been beneficial to the public weal, now they have to this their wrong and unjust dealing (which is yet a much worse point) given the name of justice, yea and that by force of a law. Therefore, when I consider and weigh in my mind all these commonwealths which nowadays anywhere do flourish—so God help me!—I can perceive nothing but a certain conspiracy of rich men procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth.

Again, you have the company of Carlyle. You may recall that a very striking chapter of "Sartor Resartus" ends thus:

Man is a tool-using animal; and surely if we consider the interval between the first wooden dibble fashioned by man, and those Liverpool steam-carriages, or the British House of Commons, we shall note what progress he has made. He digs up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth and says to them, "Transport me and this luggage at the rate of five-and-thirty miles an hour"; and they do it. He collects, apparently by lot, six hundred and fifty-eight miscellaneous individuals, and says to them, "Make this nation toil for us, bleed for us, hunger and sorrow and sin for us"; and they do it.

It is strange to find Macaulay also among the prophets. That gentleman was himself a bourgeois liberal and a lawyer-politician, and seems never to have realized the implications of the doctrine which, in the following passage, he so clearly sets forth; but, alas, how few of us do realize the implications of all we say! Arguing in 1831 for the abolition of the civil disabilities of the Jews in England, Macaulay said this:

In fact, the Jews are not now excluded from political power. They possess it; and as long as they are allowed to accumulate large fortunes, they must possess it. The distinction which is sometimes made between civil privileges and political power is a distinction without a difference. Privileges are power. It would be impious to let a Jew sit in Parliament. But a Jew may make money; and money may make members of Parliament. That a Jew should be privy-councillor to a Christian king would be an eternal disgrace to the nation. But the Jew may govern the money-market, and the money-market may govern the world. The minister may be in doubt as to his scheme of finance till he has been closeted with the Jew. The scrawl of the Jew on back of a piece of paper may be worth more than the royal word of three kings or the national faith of three new American republics. Where wealth is, there power must inevitably be.

And yet the man who wrote that in 1831 thought it worth while to fight for the "great" Reform Bill of 1832! I am, etc.,

JOHN C. MORTIMER.

St. George, New Brunswick, Canada.

SOMETHING TO BE GRATEFUL FOR.

SIRS: Thank God at least for the sickening thud with which Boanerges Butler hit the discard! Never again will a political party in this country take chances with a professional schoolmaster. On 4 March next the politico-scholastic tragi-comedy *Didascalus Furiosus*, which has at once seriously impeached the sanity and overstrained the patience of the American people, will reach its most devoutly desired consummation. Never again! *Nunquam in aeternum*. Too much is plenty! I am, etc.,

New Canaan, Conn.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

A REFERENDUM BEFORE WAR.

SIRS: War, from the point of view of my dividends, is, I suppose, a desirable event. War, the *Freeman* I fancy would have it, is both child and nurse to that fearsome creature, Privilege. If, then, a safe-deposit box containing some bonds and stocks writes me down a creature of Privilege, let it go at that, for though I do like dividends, I don't like wars.

How many men did the war destroy? Seven million, was it? No, we don't fancy wars quite so much; not now. We have seen war too close at hand. We have built dreams about a League of Nations and an end of wars and our sons and daughters are growing up. We don't wish to see them sacrificed to Moloch—not even if we be children of Privilege.

Is it possible, then, to make a beginning of really stopping war? It seems a mad question, as we view the jolly old world handling its rifles with unabated gusto.

Where does the war-making power reside? In the summer of 1914, in Germany, it lay in the Kaiser's hands. "Ah," the democrats will say, "that was an autocracy." But where did it lie in England or in this free country of ours? The power that can to-day engulf the world in war is, for all practical purposes, in the hands of a dozen men or so—a President, a few dominating figures in Congress, a Foreign Office, a Chancellery, a Cabinet.

Can this power be taken from their hands? Yes; in the United States by a Constitutional amendment declaring that this country can not enter into a war without a popular vote, and that such Constitutional amendment shall become effective only if and when a like law becomes a part of the organic system of jurisprudence and government, say of England, France, Germany, Japan, Italy.

This, then, is my quack remedy—a referendum to the people who have to do the fighting, a conditional referendum to become effective only when the other leading powers unite in such action. The every-day men and women do not want war. There is nothing in war for them; and they have found out that a League of Nations is no good either; for

the League is only a bargain between diplomats; and diplomats think, not in terms of human life, but in terms of territorial, financial and economic aggrandizement, by deal or barter, if possible; by fraud and trickery, if need be; by force, if necessary. We still believe that a war may be a holy war if it be to defend our homes, but that a victory means a devil's peace. We have seen that in victory the old doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils," is applied to the hilt by the diplomats. We do not blame them. It is their point of view. It is their job. They are the creditors of an insolvent debtor. They take all they can get—and a little more besides.

Some such thoughts as these, I believe, run to-day in the minds of most men and women. They might hope for something from a league of peoples; but from a League of Nations commanded at the top by diplomats behind locked and secret doors, they have nothing but fear. Such thoughts should be capitalized into action.

The thing that prevents such action is that we are scared and the others are scared of being the first to lay down their arms. For that is what such legislation would amount to. Therefore it is that I propose conditional legislation—a popular referendum as a condition prerequisite to war, but only when the other Powers assent to the same principle. Such a rule of conduct in regard to war would not necessarily end warfare, but I submit that it would go a long way in that direction.

But the objectors, recalling some such phrase as a "scrap of paper," will say, "Suppose the five or six leading Powers do agree to such a course. What's to prevent any one of them from breaking its contract?" I believe there are answers to these objectors. The first is that there is no sense in my setting my house on fire merely because I fear that some day some one else may burn it if I don't. The second is an enactment as a part of such legislation that all the signatories must combine against any one which breaks the bargain. Such an arrangement would be a substantial club. But the third is the important one. The third provision, which I very humbly submit, would be one dealing with propaganda.

Propaganda? Yes. To inform the men and women in the signatory countries and to keep them informed and to hurl publicity at them so that they will learn and understand and never forget that war can not be made without their votes. The signatory powers must, of course, as part of such a plan, agree each to spend some trifling sum like \$5,000,000 per annum, to educate their peoples, through a joint publicity commission of all the signatories, to the fact that it takes the vote of the people to make war.

This, in brief, is the quack remedy I submit, and I submit it with fear and trembling. The plan I propose is too simple and far-reaching. It is impractical, Utopian, unpatriotic, denationalizing, immoral. There must be something wrong about it? Is there?

Ah, yes, I know. It would be craven to adopt such legislation and so leave to popular vote the question of a nation's honour. Shall the men who are asked to be the cannon's fodder have a vote on that subject? Let them vote for school-boards, assemblymen, mayors; yes, presidents even, but on the question of their own life and death? No, sir! I am, etc.,

New York City.

JAMES N. ROSENBERG.

POETRY.

IF I WERE DUST.

If I were dust and you, my lover, came
To stand a while beside the grassy mound
Above my refuge in the burial ground,
And, musing there would softly call my name,
Your voice would thrill my ashes as a flame
Revivifies dull embers it has found,
And wraps them with its roseate warmth around,
Their glory one brief moment to reclaim.

But I am flesh. I listen for your call
With sense alert to every wandering wind.
The very leaves that in the forest fall
Presage your footfalls to my eager mind.
Love, ere the bright years tarnish as they must,
Call—call my name as you would, were I dust!

BLANCHE GOODMAN.

ART.

ANTICIPATIONS.

A BOOK has recently come over from Germany that brings up for consideration some of the fundamental relations between the artist and the commonwealth. In view of the inevitable drift of society towards a more radical structure this is a question which the artist, and indeed every other profession, will sooner or later have to face. The revolution in Russia has come about too suddenly to have effected a complete readjustment in the position of the arts, so that at present a peculiar state of affairs obtains in that country, a state of affairs which is described, though perhaps with a touch of exaggeration, in the epigram, "Lenin said: 'Let there be art.' And there was art." In Germany, as early as in the spring of 1919, a group of artists and architects began to consider what place they would occupy in a socialistic or communistic State, and they attempted to clarify their thoughts by a questionnaire. From these discussions grew the present book, "Stimmen des Arbeitsrates für Kunst in Berlin." It is quite an extraordinary document, both in the far-reaching consequences of the questions involved and in the spirit in which they are met. Many other problems, such as the education of children, city-planning, interior decoration, the future of the framed picture, anonymity of art-works, are considered in the course of the discussion of the main theme. It is the answers of various artists to thirteen leading questions that largely constitute the book. These questions deserve to be quoted here in their entirety:

1. *Art Education:* What steps must be taken to bring about a thorough reform in the development of artistic ability?

2. *State Support:* On what basis should the State offer aid in artistic matters and for the support of artists (purchase, art commissions, museums, schools, exhibitions, etc)?

3. *Communities:* What demands are to be made of the State in order to guarantee that the colonies or settlements which will spring up in the future will be founded in harmony with far-reaching cultural values?

4. *Transition Into Manual Work:* How may the large mass of the artist proletariat be won over to manual labour and thus avoid succumbing to the threatened catastrophe. What should the state do to foster naturally a new growth of culture on a handicraft basis?

5. *Under Socialism:* What will be the position of the artist in the socialistic state?

6. *Art Exhibitions:* What new methods are effective for again interesting the people in art works as a unified whole—architecture, sculpture, and painting in combination. State-owned Experimental Sites instead of Salon-art Exhibitions?

7. *Unity Among Artists:* How can artists of different branches of art come together and achieve a common unity?

8. *Colour as a Civic Problem:* The question of bright colours on houses, the treatment of facades and interiors.

9. *The Designing of Public Works by Artists:* What practical demands must be made of the State in order that public buildings be designed by artists and not as hitherto by engineers and bureaucratic building officials?

10. *Unison With the People:* How is it possible to bring the strivings of the modern artist more closely into touch and harmony with the people?

11. *Publicity:* What preparations must be made to give publicity to art works (of private rather than public use)? Preparation of press articles, lectures, exhibitions, the securing of sufficient press organs for this purpose.

12. *Internationalism:* What means may be suggested to keep in touch with like-minded groups of artists in foreign countries?

13. *Question of the Anonymity of the Artist:* Should there be a mark or symbol in place of name?

In their replies, many of the artists begin their remarks with a few sceptical reflections on the nature of the political State. Franz Mutzenbecher, for in-

stance, thinks that artists should not bother with the state but should get into direct touch with the people: "Governments change—the masses remain," he says. Adolph Behne is more explicit, thus:

The State is in its essence hostile to art. The people, as a whole, have potentialities for art, because it is a living thing. The State is a machine and consequently lifeless. We should, therefore, concern ourselves not with the State but with the people. No bartering with the State, but union with the people whose instincts we again have to arouse to purity! If we achieve this union with the people we have attained our end. All those problems, which now seem so difficult would then resolve themselves of their own accord. If we strive to induce the State to concede to us on a few points, we lose sight of our goal. We must under no circumstances—a change of government toward the right or left has little significance—strengthen the State in its mania for regimentation. Against this regimentation we have nothing to oppose, except the artistic spontaneity of ourselves and of the people. Art is an everlasting conflict between force and birth, between mechanics and dynamics. Here there can be no compromise. It is our task to repress force wherever possible in order that originality, naturalness, the simple divine order of things may develop.

The question of art schools and art education is discussed at considerable length. Wilhelm R. Valentiner, who, as many will remember, was Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, presents his opinion of the matter in these words:

The most thorough reform would be brought about by an abolition (at least temporary) of all art schools. Perhaps art would become finer if it again grew wild as it did in the beginning of all things, during the growth of naive forms. The great artist will find his way alone. The education of mediocrity which is encouraged by schools, does perhaps raise the common level of culture, but it does not strengthen the creative power of a people, which alone is the important thing.

Heinrich Campendonk, however, takes up the question from a different point of view. After remarking that it would do no good to turn out the academic professors in favour of exponents of modern art because in ten years time the new art will be as academic as the old, he goes on:

Education for the fine arts (as opposed to the applied arts) should begin only when youth has attained a certain maturity and can decide for what field he or she is best fitted (painter, sculptor, etc.). In order that the previous years may in no sense be wasted, they should be spent in apprenticeship in a craft such as cabinetmaking, metal work, etc. In case it turns out later that the youth does not possess sufficient talent for the fine arts, he may return to his handicraft and in this way decrease the artist proletariat. In the future, universal military service should be abolished and a term of apprenticeship take its place [no doubt like William James's moral equivalent]. . . . Entrance examinations to academies or other schools should be abolished; the desire for artistic activity should constitute sufficient basis for qualification. . . . The office of teacher should be considered an honorary post and not a means of subsistence.

Walter Gropius develops a similar theme at greater length. He attempts a transvaluation of educational values. In his view there should be no teachers and pupils, but, as in the Middle Ages, masters, journeymen, and apprentices. He would transform the schools into workshops; and to that end, he presents a detailed account of their organization. He sees no difference except in degree between the artist and the handworker—architects, decorative artists, craftsmen, all should be manual workers, unified in the process of a great and unified constructive art. Gropius, who is or was until very recently president of the Working Council of Art in Berlin, commands attention by the fervour of his imagination and the almost mediæval zeal of his purpose. Numerous other artists, such as Georg Tappert and Ernst Osthaus, emphasize the rational education of children and recommend the

application of such modern ideas as the freedom of the child, Duncan schools, etc.

Other replies, not so radical as those I have quoted, suggest some form of state support to be given under advice of a council of artists; and indicate that State aid should be forthcoming largely in the form of commissions for public works. Wilhelm R. Valentiner suggests that the fostering of contemporaneous art should take precedence over the care and preservation of antiquities, support of museums, etc. The question of the founding of new communities is considered by most artists as an economic and political rather than as an artistic problem, though all insist that they be built, if at all, in co-operation with artists.

Of question number five, Valentiner writes: "The task of the artist is to create a new faith in the midst of the socialist State. Who, if not the artist, will be the creator of the new religion, without which no great art can develop? The ethics of the past no longer suffice, and a social conscience is not yet a religion." Some few, especially Bruno Taut, believe with Tolstoy that artists should be classed as workers just like everyone else, and should practise their art only in their leisure hours, but most replies advocate an occupation not divorced from art, such as the making of book-illustrations, posters, architecture, decoration, etc. The formation of groups and guilds of artists is warmly advocated (this is also suggested as the answer to the question of unity among artists), for the common production and disposal of art works—"Bauhütten" as in the golden age of cathedrals. It is through these means that these artists would exhibit their works rather than art exhibitions as at present constituted. On this point, for example, Walter Gropius thus savagely attacks the present Salon:

When art became extinct in the real life of civilized peoples, it had to flee to those grotesque exhibition places and there prostitute itself. Art no longer has its stable and honoured place amid the people; it has become irresponsible, and serves the luxury of the rich. The art exhibition has become its emporium and stock exchange. The people go empty-handed and have no knowledge of living art.

The question of colour as a civic problem brings out some interesting replies. Ernst Osthaus makes the following brief suggestion: "Good examples of colour treatment of houses are to be seen at Liguria (Genoa) and in the Square of the Grey Brothers at Copenhagen. The framed picture will disappear of its own accord in case architects go over to building concave forms." Adolph Behne answers the question thus: "The question can not be settled a posteriori. It will be possible only if some architects lead the way. . . . Instead of hanging rectangular frames on the walls of our interiors, and transforming the furniture into brown or black boxes, we should paint the walls in flat colour and the furniture in bright colours. Ornament is naturally what we need; it is lacking because we have no faith."

Most of the artists are as contemptuous of the modern press as they are of the state; thus Arnold Topp writes: "I think we know the press too well and have too great a sense of decency to make use of it." These artists in their replies advocate getting in touch directly with the people by means of handbills, pamphlets, shop councils, etc. Few who contribute to this symposium take up the question of anonymity, judging no doubt that the identity of the individual would be merged into the group in any project for a unified constructive art. Wilhelm R. Valentiner, however, analyzes the question in the following words:

The anonymity of the artist has a significance only when his art has become impersonal and merged in the stream

of a common artistic undertaking motivated by a single idea. As long as the work of a painter or sculptor is distinguishable from those of his contemporaries by his individuality, obvious to every layman, it matters little whether it is signed with his name or not.

These few quotations will, perhaps, give some idea of the wide scope of this volume. The book itself is, as usual with German books, of pleasing typography, and contains numerous reproductions of works by the artists of the group. Most of these are in the modern style.

Some attempt, I understand, has already been made to put the ideas of the book into practice. At Weimar, a "Bauhaus" has been established to take the place of the old Academy of Fine Arts and to bring together artists, architects, and craftsmen in a common artistic activity. It is to be hoped that it is but the beginning of a practical realization of their programme. There is a strong possibility that this may be so, for a new attitude seems to be arising among the artists if the words of Walter Gropius are any indication:

Our age had been choked with greed and shoddy goods. To root out the evil demon of commercialism and to arouse the creative spirit in the people is the true aim of the socialistic State. The mental attitudes of our people have been rudely disturbed through the misfortunes we have suffered, and brought to a high degree of sensitiveness by the fiasco of the old order—which may perhaps render them more receptive to the New Spirit than other European peoples. For war and hunger and pestilence have broken down our inflexibility. The slothful have been aroused from their inertia, and the indolent again bear hearts that may be quickened. Through pain we learned to feel anew. This feeling is the source of inspiration, of discovery, of inventive power, in short of the urge toward creative form in the widest sense of the word. And this desire for the building and moulding of form—this constructive spirit—is the natural antithesis of commercialism, the spirit of disintegration, the deadly enemy of art.

There is much talk of utopian projects in the pages of this book. It is in this visualization of Utopia perhaps that the artists show up truest to type, for artists, as F. Perzyski says, are representatives of the non-economic and idealistic aspects of society. It is the spirit with which these artists have realized and approached the problem that is so admirable. They welcome with an exultant affirmative every fine thing that is struggling toward fruition—*Unsere Stimmen sagen JA! zu allem Keimenden und Werden.*

CARL ZIGROSSER.

PROVERBIAL OBSCURITIES.

THE main difficulty of writing is to say anything that is not an obvious quotation.

As to women poets in general, I should say that poetry is the male principle. Departures from this rule come under the head of sexual anomalies. George Eliot and George Sand are instances strictly to the point.

LITERATURE and the Bargain Counter have kissed—they were making a "best seller!"

IN literature the sapient public would rather converse with a living ass than with a dead lion.

YOU can not open your mouth or trace a line to express an opinion without hurting somebody. Is a man to go through the world voiceless for that?

GLORY is the sun of the dead, says Balzac. Even Shakespeare has nothing so fine.

'Tis the arch malice of fate that death or decadence always comes at the moment when men are about to seize the secret of life.

TO reach the sources of power, you must break into yourself! There they are, locked and sealed, accessible only to the supreme effort of courage and will.

"I HAVE taken many crops out of the brain," said Thackeray, predicting his early death. It is the kind of crop, however, that tells. Bad writers generally live long.

MICHAEL MONAHAN.

A DEPOSED AUTOCRAT.

THE pæan of politics has struck a lively *crescendo* in the daily press. Shouts of partisan glee and yells of partisan derision mingle in the editorial chorus; the party organ thunders with all its stops open. Instead of wading in ankle-deep, as they did four years ago when politics was adjourned by executive decree, our newspapers are splashing about in the current like schoolboys on a holiday.

Something more fundamental than mere politics—a fragment of the old faith of American journalism—lies beneath this pre-convention and pre-election hullabaloo, and if we were to put our press on the rack of psychoanalysis, it would be discovered that it is not nearly so vitally interested in the rally 'round the flag as it is in the rallying of its own waning gods.

One by one, the newspapers have seen their ancient shrines crumble. They used to cherish a sort of unformed allegiance—a tacit fealty to "one party, one penny, one sex," but war, women and reconstruction have played havoc with these faiths. They are headed for the discard, perhaps never to return. First war came, and muted the political strings to a common patriotic *obligato*. Then followed the paper shortage and mounting cost of production, and our penny press dipped its colours to stern necessity.

Most significant of all, the American press has cut loose from its one-time service to the merely masculine half of the population. The former autocrat of the breakfast table no longer guards the unshaken citadel of male security. Although the successive steps in the transition have not been abrupt—have been, in fact, so gradual as to evade excited comment—man's breakfast-table companion has quietly slipped from his dominion. The nominal head of the household no longer lays down a typed barrage with his coffee, fortified in the assurance that his interests will be accorded exclusive consideration.

The pages of politics, business, sports and finance are still there, to be sure, but they are being elbowed by newcomers, which demand more and more space. Woman's share in the daily paper is no longer confined to a slender "society column" and a modest budget of "household hints." These were but the forerunners of a larger invasion, and not mere graceful appendages to give a newspaper domestic utility beyond its pantry-shelf service. The morning paper no longer serves as protective coloration in the presence of household annoyances, and the man who seeks to screen his chivalrous impulses on a crowded car is apt to find himself staring at undisguised feminist propaganda.

The belief that the press was a man-serving machine held its ground within newspaper offices themselves until recently. Editorially, at any rate, there seemed to be a fairly consistent meeting of masculine minds, and newspaper staffs looked upon the society column and the woman's page as indulgent concessions. With the advent of these departments, desks were moved good-naturedly from one corner of the "city room," and a neutral zone for profanity roughly recognized. However, with the coming of more women writers and additional feminine features, it became evident that the stronghold had been invaded. The font of male knowledge was tainted by the springs of feminism.

The extension of suffrage, the changes in industry which enrolled so many women as workers, and the increasingly important rôle of woman in public life—all these factors have combined to upset the old masculine security. And while carving out for herself a bigger niche in the news of the day, woman has at the same time been assuming a more active rôle in the actual gathering and editing of news. City dailies are turning more and more to college women to replenish their staffs; it has been found that the nose for news is none the less acute because it is powdered. Even the traditional office-boy has frequently given way to his sister, who won a crusty commendation when it was discovered that she was far less addicted to the pursuit of baseball passes than was her predecessor.

It is almost a truism to remark that the day of individual journalism is past—that the era of a Dana or a Greeley or a Bennett will never return. Perhaps, however, we shall be compelled to restrict the validity of this observation to the sex which has held sway in previous times. The subtle presence of perfume may yet permeate sanctums once sacred to tobacco, and impart an indefinable flavour to public opinion. We may live to see the morning paper propped up on the feminine instead of the masculine side of the breakfast table, and the head of the household, sighing over the loss of ancient prerogatives, inquiring over the coffee: "What's the news this morning, my dear?"

LISLE BELL.

THE THEATRE.

REPERTORY FROM JUDEA.

PERHAPS there is something to be said for that old argument against the repertory theatre in America: "You can't break our play-going habits; you can't expect the American who goes to the theatre for pleasure to behave like the American who goes to the opera for some very different reason." Of course, there are plenty of arguments for a permanent company, a permanent theatre, and a nightly change of bill, artistic and economic arguments that go on fighting upon the side of evolution while obstructionists and habit-worshippers jabber. But habit is habit, in the playhouse or out, and we may as well recognize it. The repertory theatre is a racial habit with the older peoples. Transplant them to America, and they bring it with them. Give them artists and a little money, and they produce a Jewish Art Theatre to shame every manager, Jew or Christian, on Broadway.

Last October, like some spider crab, this alien institution slipped into the empty shell of the old Garden Theatre beneath the golden huntress of Madison Square. In May it closed a season notable in two respects. Reaping a rich return at the week-ends from the plays that chanced to win popular approval—in only one case an inferior play—it has managed to keep a considerable repertory of highly worthy work before its audiences, and to come out at the end financially sound. In its first season it has succeeded both commercially and artistically. How much this is due to the sensitive, emotional audience of New York's vast Jewry, and how much to the fine artists who have hitherto languished in the casually artistic Yiddish theatres of the East Side, it is very hard to say. The simple fact, however, is that the actors, directors, and playwrights of the Jewish Art Theatre have given New York the finest repertory of plays since the New Theatre closed, some of the most satisfactory individual acting of many seasons, and the only rounded and wholly satisfactory ensemble that I have seen in the past fifteen years.

The repertory has been large and varied—especially for a first year, when all plays must be newly produced and there are no productions from previous seasons to fall back on. The plays have ranged from the rather old-fashioned naturalism of Hauptmann's "Lonely Lives" to the home-grown satire of Ossip Dymow's "Bronx Express." Though the latter proved the most popular play as well as the least noteworthy, its topical success exceeded by very little the popularity of two of the best pieces in the repertory, Peretz Hirschbein's "Idle Inn," a simple but richly imaginative drama of the Jews of the Russian country-side, and Sven Lange's "Samson and Delilah," a tragic-comedy of theatre life translated from the Danish. "The Idle Inn," perhaps the best acted play of the year, on either Madison Square or Broadway, was immensely popular with its audiences, despite the fact that Hirschbein, writer of almost a score of pieces, had hitherto found almost no welcome from the Yiddish theatres. Into the gaps between the three popular successes, fitted half a dozen more productions of both long and short plays. Among these were Przybyzewski's "Joy"; a couple of pieces by Sholom Asche, commonly called the Mark Twain of the Jews; "The Dumb," a naturalistic triangle piece; another fine play by Hirschbein, "Green Fields"; David Pinski's powerful folk-play, "The Dumb Messiah"; Lord Dunsany's

"Glittering Gate" and others—altogether some ten or a dozen plays.

Superficially, the outstanding feature of the first season has been the extraordinarily fine acting of Jacob Ben Ami. Ben Ami is thirty. He has spent ten years in learning his trade better than all but half a dozen American actors know theirs, and in attempts to found a Jewish repertory theatre of high standing in Russia, London and New York. Ben Ami is an actor of unusual power, precision and variety. In "The Idle Inn" he played a Picaresque country lad, full of swagger, dash and insolence. In Hirschbein's idyllic comedy, "Green Fields," he played with equal ease an ascetic wandering rabbi, young, diffident and idealistic. Against these two rich racial studies, so opposite in physique and spirit, Ben Ami set in "Samson and Delilah" his most delicately shaded and moving impersonation—the febrile young playright of "Samson and Delilah," a part ranging from sharp domestic comedy to a maniacal suicide. Ben Ami has the adaptable physique of the Russian player, a vivid personality which he can bend Russian-fashion to a wide range of parts, and rare gifts of understanding and of emotional expression. Next season Ben Ami is to appear in English under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, when a larger audience of Americans will have the opportunity of judging him in "Samson and Delilah" and perhaps "The Idle Inn."

Ben Ami's loss will be keenly felt at the Jewish Art Theatre for he is not only, in some degree, a great actor, but also an exceptionally good director. Next season the theatre will have Schildkraut, the German player, and it will probably retain most of the actors who have done such pungent and skilful work this season. It will lose, however, the second and the greater of two forces which have maintained the high level of ensemble at the theatre this year. The first was Emanuel Reicher, once of Otto Brahm's Lessing Theatre and the Berlin *Neue Freie Volksbuehne*. Reicher began the season as artistic director, leaving about January, however, to direct the plays of the Theatre Guild. All through his stewardship the company exhibited that fine, easy naturalism which is ever characteristic of his work. Ben Ami added, however, a certain free and warm quality of the imagination which Reicher somewhat lacked. He was, therefore, almost ideally fitted to handle Hirschbein's plays, so full of the warm reality of the Russian soil and vibrating with the spiritual overtones of the race. He distilled from "Green Fields," through acting, direction and lighting, an idyllic atmosphere of spring on the country-side such as I have never seen created within those walls whose artificiality makes even the most ordinary exteriors so very difficult. Ben Ami's greatest technical triumph and the finest single achievement of the theatre was the second act of "The Idle Inn," a Jewish wedding scene. It was full of amazingly intricate business. Twenty or thirty minor characters were in constant movement, all sharply individualized parts of a general action. Every character had its own intimate and flavorful life. All the movement of these men and women, no matter how intricate, was fused in a general group movement, while out of the group at the proper moments flashed the dramatic action of the play, in sharp yet natural climaxes.

Such is the work of Ben Ami. By the ordinary experience of Broadway, the Jewish Art Theatre should suffer grievously through his absence. Yet there is something in the spirit of the institution, in the individual genius of the players and in their com-

mon devotion to an uncommon end, which suggests that when Ben Ami has passed, as Reicher passed before him, the Jewish Art Theatre will go on. In it there is something of the vigour, the idealism and the unconquerable self-assertion by which this subject race has maintained its dignity and its integrity through the centuries.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

MISCELLANY.

ANONYMITY enables me to say that the remote little New Jersey village I live in, while comfortably off in dollars and cents, is otherwise rather stagnant and might well be called a "backward community." Our local cobbler is a middle-aged Italian named Ercole, who is generally thought to stand in need of Americanization. He resolutely declines to learn more English than he needs to make change with, keeps an untidy back yard, sings at his work, and occasionally he and his wife have arguments which call every nerve and muscle of their bodies into play. The neighbours take these for serious altercations and are inclined to be sorry for Giuseppina. One day when an unusually vigorous encounter of opinion brought the whole street out in suspicion and alarm, I volunteered to see what the trouble was, and found that it was nothing more menacing than a discussion of a point of court-procedure; namely, whether a witness of an automobile accident was entitled to draw a fee for testifying. Ercole maintained that such witnesses were paid and Giuseppina was sure they were not. There was no bad temper about it, however; but the neighbours were barely appeased and still think that something is seriously wrong with their domestic relations, and that Ercole must sooner or later be taken in hand.

ERCOLE told me the other evening of a rumour he had heard that the great *bel-canto* tenor, Fernando de Lucia, was dead. How odd, I thought, to hear such tidings from such a source and amid the surroundings of a benighted little Jersey village! I do not know whether the rumour is true, and somehow have not had the heart to run it down. One might ask the Americanizationers, I suppose; they would be apt to know, as they undoubtedly keep track of such matters. But if it is true, then to a certainty the blessed spirits in the Elysian Fields are now listening to such singing as they have not heard for a long time. What an incomparable artist he was! There have been many greater voices, and still are—great voices are everywhere—but no one to do with a voice quite what he did, or to produce quite the effect that he produced. It is "part of life's unalterable good" to have heard him. Ercole spoke of him as *cognoscutissimo*, with no suspicion of irony and with a trace of moisture in his fine brown eyes.

AFTER dinner at one of the big Broadway hotels the other night, I strolled through the foyer, past a bristling battery of very open-work stockings, in the direction of the ball-room to which I was attracted by the presence of a little group of men. What could be going on there on this warm summer evening, I thought. It is an imposing *salon*, high-ceilinged, ornate, yet in good taste, and capable of holding perhaps 1500 people. I have been there for concerts, meetings of learned societies, public dinners, dances and every possible kind of gathering. To what strange use was it being put, with this unusual crowd scattered about on the gilt chairs in semi-circular rows, broken by half a dozen aisles that radiated from a pulpit? There were sons of Erin and of Zion; sharp-faced men such as one sees at the race-track; stout women whose appearance suggested that their baby-carriages and market-baskets stood outside. Altogether, it might have been an audience at a Harlem motion-picture show. The men smoked; some of them wore their hats, and all were examining large sheets of paper, interrupting themselves only for occasional subdued con-

versations with their neighbours. I sat down and picked up one of the sheets which were carelessly scattered about. Fourteen-hundred lots in the Bronx were being offered for "anything the public would pay," by a charitable foundation that was anxious to relieve the housing famine, and the sale was to be made at auction. I learned that the sale had begun at noon and was to continue for three days if necessary. There was no public explanation why a fashionable hotel had been engaged, but I have seen enough of the methods of modern merchandising not to wonder long at such seeming extravagance.

THE auctioneer ascended and, between loud slaps on the reading-desk before him, announced the terms of sale. It seems that his fee for each lot sold, (each of the 1400) was but fifteen dollars, plus a "knock-down" fee of two dollars. The lucky buyers had to pay but ten per cent of the purchase-price down, ten per cent in thirty days, while the remainder might remain on mortgage for three years. A few alternatives were offered, but they involved no substantial change. Savings-bank books and Liberty bonds (at market value) were accepted as security. A true Coney Island barker was the auctioneer; he whipped things up; he shooed them in; he shouted, slapped the desk, kept things going and created a false tension by his skilful "Going, going, third and last call." In each aisle stood his lieutenants shouting the bids that the buyers signalled. They were experienced coadjutors; they repeated in low tones of passionate conviction the enthusiastic descriptions of the respective lots as they were uttered by the Billy Sunday of the block. They speeded the reluctant; in fact, six feet from me one of these smart young men actually effected a bogus sale by making a bid for a woman who repudiated it when the property was knocked down to her. This revealed the method pursued in such cases. Two men came to the woman and argued quietly with her but when they were convinced that she would not yield, they approached the man whom she was supposed to have outbid in the hope that he might take the lot at the price he had offered to pay.

A LITTLE man, with a little nose and a little red moustache, with smooth, sleek hair, sat down beside me. We recognized each other instantly. He used to cut my hair. I took his offered hand and he shook mine warmly. "Buying?" I asked. "I don't think so," he replied. "I vent to see de lots Sunday. It's all mud and svamp. De big avenues is dere, but all dese streets"—he pointed to the map—"is only on de map. I vas vondering vat dis lot, on — Street would bring. It isn't really on — Street but vere — Street ought to be. But de prices is too high." The auctioneer had just completed the sale of what he termed the *pièce de résistance*. Then he announced "the Koh-i-noor" and I remembered that I had a night's work to do and left the show, which had been far more edifying and instructive than any offered by the neighbouring screen palaces, wondering how many of the new owners of lots in this Eden in the Bronx had the good fortune to count a Mark Tapley among their friends.

HAVE we ever "time enough" for any task or duty, often as the phrase is in our mouths? I doubt it. Time is always cheating us and making us a party to the cheat—he is the most insatiable of usurers, yet we go on borrowing from him to our ruin. Not long ago, I had a book to prepare for the press, and there seemed to be a world of time at my disposal; it is always so. But no sooner had the work really begun than I found that I had no time at all to spare, and presently I was hunted for minutes and seconds. Now the task is gone from my hand beyond recall; and of all the time that was once at my command to do with as I pleased, there is left me nothing. A few minutes would suffice to correct some errors, to make some alterations that would set my mind at rest, but I can no more have this small fraction of time than Eternity itself. And the work, with its defects asking so easy a remedy—five minutes of time!—stands forever to reproach me.

JOURNEYMAN.

BOOKS.

THE CONQUERED STATE.

My friend, Mr. George Young, belongs to the kind of family that supplies England with her statesmen, diplomatists, administrators, and civil servants. It is really rather a fine type—well-born, well-fed, well-mannered. It is essentially the educated class of England. It cultivates its brains because, apart from a limited amount of "private means," it has to live by its brains. It is athletic, versatile, and (what is rare in most countries) it stands above suspicion of corruption. It is the product of our old upper-middle class or country families, our public schools (America would more justly call them "private schools,") and our old universities. A valuable class, I think for any country to possess, and if the war is going to exterminate it by the enormous losses of young men it has endured and by the poverty that the rise in prices entails, the disaster will be one of the greatest brought upon us yet.

Mr. Young has all the characteristics of the type—cultivated brains, the self restraint of good manners, and the irony of a humorous race. But perhaps owing to his Irish mother, other qualities are mingled with these. There is a certain rebellious streak in him. Though he has been brought up on the strictest lines of "good form," I can always imagine him bursting through all such restrictions when some high issue for the country or for mankind is involved. That is what makes men like him so difficult for governments to deal with or use. A government official may perhaps think for himself, but he must speak and act according to such brains or purposes as the government may possess. When a man like Mr. Young insists upon thinking and speaking and acting for himself, what can a government do with him? I do not know that there was any breach at all. Very likely there was not. But when I heard that he had left the diplomatic service, resigned his commission in the army, and gone to Berlin in the service of the same newspaper that I was then serving on the Rhine, I was not surprised.

The present admirable little book¹ is the result of his investigations in Berlin and other German cities during the larger part of last year. It is a terrible picture that he draws, but as true as terrible. I am proud to boast that I was the first Englishman to reveal the appalling condition to which the war had reduced the civilian population of Germany, especially the women and children. Even upon the Rhine, where both the British Staff and the British soldiers did much to mitigate the distress, I was witnessing the disintegration of a people. Mere hunger and want of nourishment in the brain and muscles had induced the apathy, indifference, and incapacity of despair. When I lived among Germans long before the war, I knew them to be as industrious, honest, and courteous as other people. But industry can not stand against a treaty which ordained that the more the people worked the more the enemy was to be paid. The honesty of very few among us can resist the strain of extreme want and hunger. And it is difficult to maintain courtesy under treatment such as that to which the French have lately subjected Frankfurt. "How are we fallen!" cried an old German lately, when he heard that it is not safe to leave boots or any other property

about in Berlin. Mr. Young's book is an expansion of that lament. In his chapter on "Ruin and Reconstruction," he writes:

Germany has given up. It 'carried on' until it collapsed, and now lies semi-comatose. Germany may be, no doubt is, working its way through revolution to a saner, sounder condition, but at present is as abnormal and helpless as a snake changing its skin. The loss of about two million men in the prime of life, the decreased vitality of the women and children who suffered especially from the blockade, and the general economic conditions of the country, make any early re-establishment of previous productivity impossible.

Similarly, of Berlin itself he writes:

The first impression you get is that both city and people are dying of a decline. The people, like their houses, are dirty and dingy; everywhere crippled beggars and ruined or unroofed buildings show the direct effects of war. Clothes are threadbare, faces thin. Stalwart, straight-backed Americans, warmly clothed and well-fed, stand out like solid shapes among shadows.

Mr. Young returned to England about nine months ago, but to show that he was describing no merely temporary and passing calamity, I may quote from a letter of Count Max Montgelas in the *London Nation* of 15 May:

The constant oppression has filled many democratic Germans with despair. Many of my countrymen say with me: If a people of seventy millions is doomed to perish, if democracy in other countries is not willing or able to oppose the greatest crime that ever stained the pages of history, then, indeed, it would be better to be killed at once than to have to endure the disgrace of a prolonged agony. French imperialists may rejoice at this news and look forward to the day when the 'nightmare of the seventy millions' will no longer oppress their mind. But, then, why work so slowly? It would be better to let loose the black and white armies of France with high explosives, flame-projectors, and poisonous gases and kill us off at once.

Mr. Young tells the history of the German revolution step by step—the failure of the Liberals to govern, the contests between Moderates and Spartacists, the attempts at communism in Brunswick and Munich. All this he tells from his own observation, and then he proceeds to the treaty and shows how formless and inane it is, how impossible of execution, and at the best how big with future war. All the world knows the truth about the treaty from Mr. Keynes' book now. Mr. Young's book does but expand and confirm that conclusion with independent evidence. His account of why President Wilson and the American delegates "failed in the greatest political opportunity offered to mortal man in modern times" should be of special interest to readers on this side of the Atlantic.

Maurice Berger is a Belgian lieutenant who took the safe occasion of the armistice to visit Germany and act as interviewer to several distinguished Germans in the time of their defeat and misery. He here reports² his conversations with diplomatists, officers, manufacturers, financiers, politicians, writers, and various other classes. Certainly the conversations are of interest. It is always of interest after a war to hear what the enemy was doing or thinking about, what hopes or motives he had. And Lieutenant Berger is quite a good interviewer, quite a promising "outside reporter," as we say in England. He is not deterred from putting awkward questions by any false modesty or considerate sensitiveness. He reminds me of a Staff officer who rushed into the editorial office of one of the greatest papers in Germany, or indeed of the world, and shouted: "Look here! We are going to write an account of the atrocities committed by your army in the war and

¹ "The New Germany." George Young. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

² "Germany After the Armistice." Maurice Berger. New York: Putnam.

you must publish three columns of it in a coming issue!" That is the general tone of these interviews. The interviewer writes with the violent prejudice of an enemy who still fears his defeated foe. But many of the conversations are of peculiar interest none the less. Especially valuable, perhaps, are the statements of Kautsky and other Socialists; also the account of the shameless murder of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg. The fine explanation by Alice Salomon of the ideals of women in Germany shows to what a height the spirit of change has risen even in the most submissive part of that all too submissive people. Is it too much to say that hitherto the spirit of unquestioning submission to authority of every kind has been the ruin of the German race?

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE RELIGION OF EDWARD CARPENTER.

SAUL has lately been getting in among the prophets so much that his appearance in "the goodly fellowship" has almost ceased to be surprising. First it was Bernard Shaw calling us "back to Jesus," then Bertrand Russell came preaching repentance and a change of heart. Then followed Gilbert Cannan bidding us quit the City of Destruction, and now here is Edward Carpenter rehabilitating the doctrine of the Fall and insisting on the need of the New Earth. It is indeed a little bewildering. The modernist preacher had no sooner finished throwing the traditional pulpit stock-in-trade on the scrapheap than these unaccredited practitioners come along and clothe the old clichés with a new respectability.

It would be interesting to speculate—were this the place—upon what this new lay-preaching may mean. It at least suggests that the traditional religious diagnosis of the world's trouble was not so much beside the point after all, and that the prophetic and evangelic call was not so far removed from reality as the sceptical critic has alleged it to be. No one in his senses supposes that the old dogmatic synthesis can ever again be restored to its ancient throne, but it is, at any rate, fair to infer that the traditional theology was right in insisting that the first need of the world was redemption, and that its trouble lay in what Lord Morley has called "that horrid impediment and burden upon the soul which the Churches call Sin and which, by whatever name you call it, is a real catastrophe in the nature of man." This is not to say that the Church has interpreted the nature of sin rightly or prescribed the remedy in proper form, but only that it set out from the right premise. And only a stark ethical realism that starts out from much the same point is going to help us in reshaping the world "nearer to our heart's desire."

This unlicensed prophesying is, of course, one of the by-products of the war. But Edward Carpenter's thesis in his new book¹ antedates the war. The germ of it may be found in his essay on "Civilization: Its Cause and Cure," and all the difference the war has made to him is to confirm him in his faith. Briefly, his argument is this: In the process of evolution the human animal first reached the stage of simple undifferentiated consciousness. This primitive simplicity was a condition of great happiness and well-being. Until the race became aware that it was (to use a phrase of Francis Thompson's) "under sentence of life," it remained in tune with its universe; and the memory of this happy time has been preserved in the universal myth of a "golden age." But from the plane of consciousness human nature passed or fell to the plane of self-consciousness; and then the trouble began. The self proved to be an anarchic energy which shattered man's former unity with the universe and with himself. He went adrift in the scheme of things and brought upon himself a divided self. Out of the pain and unhappiness of this disintegration grew the desire for atonement, and Mr. Carpenter has no diffi-

culty in showing that the central aim of all forms of religion has been to find some way of overcoming this intolerable schism. He multiplies evidence, drawn from all the recent literature of anthropology and comparative religion, to show that the central purpose of the rites and mysteries of all known religions was to restore the broken harmony of the soul and its universe. It has, indeed, been for a long time clear that there is a strong family likeness between all religions and that the native aspirations of the human spirit in every age have been identical in substance even though they have varied largely in form. Some students, observing the presence of these universal elements in Christianity, also have supposed that it invalidated the Christian gospel. But Mr. Carpenter does not look upon the matter in this light. He regards these phenomena wherever he finds them, not as infantile superstitions but as evidence of a universal and authentic human need. Modern Christian scholarship finds in them the signs of a *præparatio evangelica* far more protracted and far more diffused than the Christian Fathers recognized. Of this, however, Mr. Carpenter does not seem to be aware. He appears occasionally to be somewhat angry with Christianity for not acknowledging its ancestry and its kinship with the universal religious spirit. But he might have spared his indignation. One of the things that the missionary enterprise has done in recent years is to show how organically Christianity is related to the other religions of the world and how true it is to the universal spiritual need of mankind.

Man, Mr. Carpenter argues, has not yet found the physic for his ills; and society has reached a point of disintegration which means certain death if there be not a new birth, an ascent to "a further stage of consciousness which must supersede the present one." This third stage he describes as "a return to a Consciousness which shall have Unity as its foundation principle and which shall proceed from the direct sense and perception of such a unity throughout creation." All of which is very true; but what we want to know at this point is how this miracle is to happen. And unfortunately Mr. Carpenter has very little, and that little not very convincing, to tell us about the prospects of this return or about the way of provoking it. We all agree that mankind needs "a new order of mentality," but how is the great awakening to be set afoot? Mr. Carpenter tells us that fear bred by ignorance is the enemy and that knowledge is the remedy. True, but what knowledge? Does Mr. Carpenter suppose that the public announcement of the unity of creation and of man's place in it will get us very much farther on? He does indeed speak of perception; but how is this perception, this vision to be communicated? If only he would tell us that, he would give us information more precious than rubies. Mr. Carpenter once sang a song which awoke England. If he could transpose "England Awake" into the key of universal religion, he would become the John Baptist of the new world. Perhaps one of these days he will.

This review gives no idea of the ground which "Pagan and Christian Creeds" covers. "Creeds" indeed describes the lesser part of the book for the author is much more interested in rites and symbols. Mr. Carpenter is familiar with most of the important recent literature of the subject, though one misses any reference to Durkheim's group-theory of religion and Mr. Clement Webb's discussion of it. His treatment is throughout as sympathetic and as fair as his purpose to demonstrate his thesis allows him to be; and it is only right to admit that he makes a very good case for the vast generalization that he lays down. He seems to give a somewhat wider currency to the evolution-dogma than modern thought is disposed to assign to it. None of this criticism, however, alters the fact that this book was written by Edward Carpenter; and when Edward Carpenter speaks, he has earned the right to be heard with respect. But he is greater as prophet than as critic; and that is why this book does not measure up to "Towards Democracy."

RICHARD ROBERTS.

¹ "Pagan and Christian Creeds, Their Origin and Meaning." Edward Carpenter. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

THE BASES OF SOCIAL THEORY.

MR. COLE is known in this country principally by his "Self Government in Industry"—a brilliant synthesis and prophecy which sheds new light and new hope on the relation of the trade-unions to society. In that book he suggested with convincing power the way in which the present development of group organization—especially in the labour-unions—pointed the way for an efficient and productive self-government for industry. By a rigorously honest pursuit of the implications of two ideas—the idea of self-government and of "function"—he was able to project the outlines of an industrial world growing organically out of the present, yet immeasurably more tolerable.

The present volume¹ takes the same two ideas and attempts to show that they offer a useful handle with which to grasp the whole thorny subject of the individual's relation to society and the relation of different social groups to each other. Mr. Cole is considering "the way in which men act through associations in supplement and complement to their actions as isolated or private individuals." Society will be intelligible only when we realize that the present confusion grows out of "our ignorance of the most essential conditions of successful associations—the principles of democratic functional organizations and democratic representation according to function."

Unquestionably the case that Mr. Cole states is a suggestive one. But it loses much in force because his assumptions are not above criticism. He premises his interpretation by reference to the several methods of analysis already used by students of human association. He distinguishes the theories which are based on the study of the history of institutions, those based on the study of human motives and impulses, and those based on effort to discover "universal principles of social association—of the values rather than the facts—of sociality." He can not quite accept Rousseau's "Away with the facts"; but he believes that "in our conclusions the facts drop away and only questions of right remain." After such a declaration one might expect almost any theory to emerge; and Mr. Cole confesses at the end that his sole assumption has been "that human beings have wills and that they have a right and a duty to use those wills to their full capacity in the direction of society."

Agree as one may with the idea that people have wills, it is still true that social theorizing based on the desire to find will in human conduct could lead the theorizer badly astray. Mr. Cole admits unhesitatingly that the psychological method of approach is complementary to his own. But nowhere in the book does he buttress what seem to me to be essentially deductive arguments by evidence of the genuinely inductive character such as is supplied by the psychology of human behaviour and its proper corollary, the psychology of the unconscious. In a word, he fails to consider the basic problem as to whether human nature is so constituted that it will flourish best under democratic and functional institutions.

For my own part I take little exception to Mr. Cole's general conclusion as based on the ideas of self-government and function. The rôle he assigns to the State may or may not prove to be its exact one. The ideas of co-ordinated, free association in the several fields of human effort which he identifies as the political, neighbourly, vocational, religious, provident, philanthropic, sociable, and theoretic fields, means that the principle of federalism in social life is accepted as the basis of group intercourse and as the guarantee of the autonomy of the individual personality. And to this I subscribe.

It is only Mr. Cole's methods of reaching his conclusion which seem to me inadequate. Human association is based not on will but upon necessity. It is based less on a conscious intention to associate than upon an inherent impulse to associate. We are associated because we must and because we want to be—because only in

human association does human nature realize itself and personality have any significance. Mr. Cole recognizes this when he says that "this consciousness of a want requiring co-operative action for its satisfaction is the basis of association." But when he tries to explain how associations get into conflict he proceeds to elaborate a conception of the "perversion" of association which is a needlessly cumbersome way of trying to explain something which, if we face the facts of human nature, is seen to involve no perversion at all. It involves only an understanding that men have self-regarding impulses which may under certain conditions gain the ascendancy.

An understanding of group conduct and an acceptable statement of "principles" or standards of value in group behaviour does not appear to emerge from the use of assumptions about the potency of the human will. It emerges rather from the study of man in action. And it is no excuse for failure to make such study, to say, as Mr. Cole does, that in America the psychological method "is finding followers in plenty, and big developments of this form of social study may be expected from these sources." Surely an approach to social theory which is sound for America is sound for England. And no study of that theory which is to be at all adequate can escape the fertilizing and corroborative ideas which a psychological approach offers.

Mr. Cole's book is exceedingly valuable nevertheless. It will afford a simple introduction to the problem of group interrelation which is daily gaining new students. It will call the attention of new questioners to the conflict in political thought between the absolutists and the pluralists. But it remains, as Mr. Cole admits, a preliminary and suggestive study. It bears less than "Self-Government in Industry" the impress of hard, creative thinking. The very facility of Mr. Cole's workmanship tends, indeed, to make his treatment of profound subjects seem less consequential and more jaunty than he probably realizes or intends.

ORDWAY TEAD.

SHORTER NOTICES.

STELLA BENSON's declaration that "Living Alone" is not a real book and that it is not to be read by real people prompts the query: Is it to be criticized by real people? Miss Benson will undoubtedly assert, "Yes; they are the only people who will criticize it!" The fact is that the book is so singular a performance that it may be approached with no accepted standards. Mitten Island, the scene of much of the story, lies in the realm both of fancy and of fact. So, too, does the House of Living Alone, that hostelry, where lonely people may escape their too-insistent selves. It is on this strange island that Sarah Brown finds herself an inmate through the good offices of the witch, Angela. Around these two characters the incidents of the story coil. The outcome is a fantasy puffed up to delightful and ludicrous improbabilities. Yet loitering closely behind it all is a pleasing realization of values. Miss Benson's comments on the spiritual facts of a war-torn England are deftly incorporated into the symbolism of the story. In brief, the particular merit of "Living Alone" is that it is a fairy-tale for grown-ups, a piece of whimsical madness without rhyme or reason.

H. S. G.

THROUGHOUT all these "First Plays" of Mr. Milne's³ the word whimsical haunts us. It is the trademark of the school, the school of Barrie; and as in so many plays in the Barrie manner the form has taken the place of the substance. A certain identification of sentiment with the incongruous, a tenderness for the grotesque, has proved successful, so successful that the public has been trained to expect laughter and tears in a certain *fleur* of dialogue. The Barrie terminology is held sufficient by his imitators to secure the effect of the original. Mr. Milne perfectly illustrates this hocus-pocus. He has been so assured of the power of his theatric mood that he has never concerned himself with story or with character. What these plays show is simply that no glamour of pictorialism, no colouring of language can atone for an indifference to the funda-

¹ "Social Theory." G. D. H. Cole. New York: Frederick H. Stokes Co.

² "Living Alone." Stella Benson, New York: The Macmillan Company.

³ "First Plays." A. A. Milne. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

mental requirements of drama. We love Barrie because we have always found in his plays, behind the tenuity of the mood, character material as substantial as that of a problem play and a development of incident and situation as clear and logical as that of any double-barrelled melodrama. It is the sham-Barries who trade on the "manner."

J. C. M.

SARAH MENDEL, living with her husband Elias and their children in a tiny flat in a crowded tenement of New York's East Side, is already in the grip of desperate economic need when this moving chronicle¹ of her life begins. The Mendel family career is a succession of pathetic makeshifts for gaining the barest necessities of existence. From the dark and vermin-infested flat, Sarah plans and launches her attacks upon the problems that burden them all, and is hopelessly defeated a score of times. Highly emotional, passionately maternal, she gives her whole self to the struggle, grappling first with her husband's inefficiency, sinking to the depths at his death, stupidly handled by the organized charities in her extremity and finally achieving some small success as a maker of "bends." The deterioration of her character in the fierce competition she meets is inevitable. She becomes a greedy exploiter of her own children, and they are a pack of quarrelsome wolfish creatures, their human fineness and decency buried under the primal need of the life and happiness that seem consistently withheld from them. The second generation of the Mendel family aspires even higher, and Minnie's life reaches its high water mark in an office, while her brother Jacob graduates from college as valedictorian of his class. But Minnie's real awareness of the possibilities in American life makes her meagre attainments and her final disappointing marriage a tragedy. Held back by ill health, she feels herself in the largest sense a failure. There is real emotional power in the author's handling of her calamitous theme. She seems to lose subtlety at times because of her very sincerity; the book is in spots too wooden in its realism, and there is some careless workmanship. But the characterization is acute.

F. E. H.

A REVIEWER'S NOTE-BOOK.

Is there anything so delightful as to lie on one's back in the grass on a warm June afternoon and think of all the great things one is going to do? The lid of the unconscious imperceptibly slides back and innumerable wishes float up into the blue haze and fulfill themselves in a phantasmagoria more soothing to the spirit even than that of the drifting clouds. I was going to say that I spent last Sunday in this pleasurable fashion, but really it was even better. I was off in Connecticut walking with Paul, whose opalescent essays are so familiar to my readers, and with Harwood, our Dionysian Chekhov, and as we walked we compared plans and spoke of the books we were all going to write. Then, after a while, we began to talk of the books, not that we ourselves wished to write but that ought to be written. It was an amusing list we projected; I can not remember all of it; but it occurred to us that if we published it, or some of it, we might start trains of thought in a few minds that are waiting for an idea in order to serve the cause of the Enlightenment. If the reader finds among these suggestions for Books That Ought to be Written few of the more "creative" sort, it is because such books must from the first germinate in the spirits of their creators:

1. *The Business Man*: A psychological study. Should begin with a brief historical survey of the origins of the business type. Analysis of the T.B.M. Evangelical Protestantism as a commercial discipline, etc.
2. *The Intellectual*: A parallel analysis. The rise of the intellectuals as a class. Characteristics and function of the intellectuals. For first suggestions see Prof. Schapiro's article in *The Atlantic* for June and H. E. Cory's "The Intellectuals and the Wage Workers."
3. *The Magazine Writer*: A psychoanalytic investigation of this ubiquitous type would yield astonishing results. The conflict between artistic and domestic "duty," the "study of the market." Chapters on the magazine artist, the psychology of the magazine cover, etc.

¹"Sarah and Her Daughter." Bertha Pearl. New York: Thomas Seltzer.

4. The "soul" of *Scribner's*, of *Life*, of the *Atlantic*, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, etc.—a series of satiric, analytic portraits of American magazines.

5. *The Muck-Rake Movement*: Its rise, triumph and decline. Did it begin with Jacob A. Riis? Its historical function, the motives behind it, its leading personalities.

6. *A History of the Idea of Utopia*: A comprehensive historical survey of the dream of an ideal world in all races and from the earliest times. The composite desire of humanity. Might be treated in semi-fictional or fantastic form, as if one were writing the history of a real country; thus: *A Short History of Utopia*. Plato, More, Campanella, etc., would here become Utopian historians "of their own times." This method would best reveal the evolution of the idea in humanity.

7. *The Adams Family*: Or, *The Pessimism of the Adamses*. This book—from John and Abigail Adams, through John Quincy Adams and Charles Francis Adams, to the triumvirate of autobiographers—suggests a unique re-interpretation of the spiritual history of America.

8. *The Decline of New England*: And the parallel rise of the intellectual life of the West.

9. *The International Marriage*: A Veblenesque inquiry. Chief source: Henry James.

10. *The Legend of the Nordic Race*: From Gobineau, through Wagner and Houston Stewart Chamberlain to Madison Grant.

11. *The History of a Suburb*: The evolution of one of the great suburbs of New York, Boston, or Chicago. For suggestive method, see Wells' "The New Machiavelli," Book I.

12. Novel about a family that rises with a brewery and falls with prohibition.

13. A satirical picaresque novel suggested by Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, in which a Highbrow and a Lowbrow travel through America together.

14. A novel showing the artist as hero (cf. "Jean-Christophe") in American conditions.

15. A Zolaesque trilogy of the South (cf. Dreiser's Chicago and Norris's California). Necessary as preliminary spade-work.

16. Many books ought to be written on religion in America. There should be a realistic study of Mrs. Eddy; a study of the Episcopal Church and its prestige; a study of the cause of the Messiah-complex in Americans, etc.

17. *H. G. Wells and American Liberalism*: A more fruitful subject than "God and Mr. Wells." How far the *New Republic* type is an effect of such fictional characters as Remington, etc.

18. *Neglected Aspects of Americanism*: Sober second thoughts for the Americanizers. Why idealists like Carlyle, Ruskin and Amiel, scrupulous thinkers like Renan, and well-disposed Anglo-Saxons like G. K. Chesterton have distrusted the "American spirit"; why Bernard Shaw "refused an offer of a million dollars" to lecture in America.

19. *Greenwich Village*: A socio-psychological examination.

20. *The Hoosier School*: It has been said that Indiana was populated by men who started West and lost their nerve. Possible explanation of Booth Tarkington, Meredith Nicholson, George Ade, Gene Stratton Porter, etc.; of Indiana as the centre of the business man in literature. Literature as a second fiddle in the hands of men who lack the strength to become "men of action" but wish to "do their bit."

I RECOMMEND the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"New Poems," by D. H. Lawrence. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

"Twentieth Century French Writers," by Madame Mary Duclaux. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"An Anthology of Yugoslav Poetry," edited by B. Stevenson Stanoyevich. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Mud-slinging as a fine art.

AGESILAUS being invited once to hear a man who admirably imitated the nightingale, he declined, saying he had heard the nightingale itself.

Thus Plutarch. The quotation occurred to us upon reading an attack on the FREEMAN in the splenetic *Providence Journal*. If doubts as to our attitude toward privilege still lodge in the mind of any reader the open disapproval of the *Journal* will prove a valid bill of health for us. "Damnable lie," "vicious misstatement," "this insolent publication," "abominable charge," "detestable allegations."

Dear, dear, with all the entertaining tradition of controversy in the history of American journalism, is this the best the Rhode Island Thunderer can do?

Go to! We have heard the nightingale itself.

THE FREEMAN has made plain that its appeal is to men and women whose interest and support are to be obtained and held only by sustained effort on a high level of writing and thinking. It is our belief that "features," as commonly employed by magazines may arouse the momentary interest of the public but that those truly concerned in the affairs of the day and with the state of the arts are not to be decoyed.

If the FREEMAN introduces articles or essays by noted persons it does so because the material itself is meritorious; readers of this paper will have observed that no distinction is made between contributions by famous and unknown writers.

Such policy, however, is not inconsistent with announcements, from time to time, of plans that indicate our direction and our efforts to make the FREEMAN worthy of the extraordinary support under which it is thriving. Subscribers will be pleased to learn that we have secured the American rights, prior to publication as a volume, of

Reminiscences of Leo Nikolaievitch

TOLSTOY

By

MAXIM GORKY

in the authorized translation from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf. Publication will begin this month, and we urge our friends not only to renew their own subscription so as to obtain this unique and revealing series, but to use it as a new means of bringing waverers into the FREEMAN fold.

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